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HAVERHILL,
THE MARKET TOWN,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY THE LATE
JOHN WEBB.

"Yes, native village ; yes, attachment strong
Spirits from delight bestowed : to Me delight
Long hast thou given, and I have sung thy praise."

SCOTT.

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PREFACE.



It is necessary to state, that the former of these poems was published in the year 1810. The latter was written in 1821, and is now printed for private circulation. They are the productions of an intense lover of nature, and one who possessed no mean poetic talents. They owe their present form to the dutiful homage which filial love delights to pay to genius and affection.

H. G.

HAVERHILL.



HAVERHILL.



BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.



Address to Haverhill—Invocation to Goldsmith—Infantile Amusements—Robin—Early Walking—Wedlock—Prattlers—Paternal Cot—Chambers—Haverhill Place—Ruins of a Church—Ward—Hephzibah—Castle—Rookery—Manor-house—Coldham—Meeting-house—Coins—Chapel—A Tale—Ghost—Conclusion.

HAVERHILL.

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

HAIL ! Haverhill, hail ! a Muse who knows no rules,
Unskilled in language, and untaught in schools ;
To whom proud Science never lent a ray
Of classic light to gild her artless lay ;
Would in her rustic song thy history trace,
And from oblivion snatch thy lowly race.
Hail ! Haverhill, hail ! What though thy humble
name

Ne'er graced the annals of historic fame :
What though thy shallow streams, that creep along,
Have never murmured in the poet's song ;
Nor ever bard has waked his tuneful powers,
To paint thy meadows with poetic flowers ;
Yet shall thy streams and meads my Muse inspire
With simple hand to strike her self-taught lyre.

HAVERHILL.

O for thy genius, Goldsmith! to impart
Such happy numbers as delight the heart;
Then should the Muse, loved vale! thy charms
 rehearse,
And Haverhill, like "sweet Auburn," live in verse.
Ye rural scenes, by memory long revered,
By many a tender sympathy endeared;
Your grassy lanes, gay pathways, towering trees,
Still do they boast a charm—the power to please.
Yes, native bowers, your sylvan haunts among
I first invoked the fabled Nymphs of song;
Strung my rude harp, when but a simple child,
And fondly warbled forth my "wood-notes wild."

Childhood! calm season! free from storms of
 care,
Bright are thy suns, thy skies are ever fair;
Peace sheds her downy influence on thy breast,
Soft as the breeze that fans the Halcyon's nest,
Oft fond remembrance prompts me to review
The harmless, mild delights when life was new;
When, light of heart, in boyhood's sportive hours,
I chased gay butterflies, and culled sweet flowers;
Oft as I saw, in Summer's sunny reign,
The gilded trifle skim the flowery plain,
I marked its course, pursued its devious way,
Till at my feet the beauteous victim lay.

HAVERHILL.

With truant foot I trod the painted vale,
And plucked the cuckoo-flower, and primrose pale;
Lured by its glossy tints and fragrant smell,
I tore the violet from the thorny dell.
Joy flushed my cheek, when, in the prickly bush,
I saw the clay-built mansion of the thrush.
Plumed architects! your songs of mirth suspend;
Your joys are o'er, your mutual comforts end.
Forbear those plaintive notes, ye feathered pair!
Useless your grief, and vain your anxious care:
An urchin boy invades your blest retreat,
And rifles with rude hand fair Hymen's seat.
Beneath an elm, a bird of rosy breast,
And social habits, built his annual nest;
Who o'er the snug abode with transport sung,
While his loved consort hatched their tender young;
Who, but for me, had plied the infant wing,
And roved through all the scenery of Spring.
When frigid Winter ruled the sullen day,
And feathery rime adorned each leafless spray,
To my straw cottage would the warbler come,
Pace the brick floor, and pick the scattered crumb;
Till, cheered by food and warmth, his little throat
Would swell, and strive to pour the vernal note:
Devoid of fear would perch upon my chair,
Nor wished to join his brothers of the air.

HAVERHILL.

But when moist April, with her genial showers,
Oped Spring's young buds, and reared her early
flowers,

By nature with instinctive knowledge taught,
A plummy mate my friendly redbreast sought.
Sweet bliss was theirs, till I, a froward boy,
Purloined their young, and marred their nuptial
joy,

And viewed the treasure with exulting mind,
Nor felt compunction for the deed unkind.
Oft, too, when smiling youth, life's jocund spring,
Gilt with bright bliss each moment's agile wing,
I left my humble couch, at early dawn,
To range with dewy tread the velvet lawn;
And viewed enraptured, from the dappled east,
Day's brilliant orb emerge, in glory drest;
While, cheered by his exhilarating ray,
Nature's plumed heralds hailed the infant day.
I saw, with transport saw, the lark arise,
Leave his low nest, and mingle with the skies,
Till his ærial matin, soft and clear,
Fell in faint warblings on my listening ear.
Ye groves of Lady-gates, beneath your shade
Full many an hour in studious ease I've strayed;
Attentive listened, while on hazel spray
The nightingale has thrilled her evening lay.

HAVERHILL.

Melodious poet of the umbrageous grove,
Soft Philomel! thy mellow plaints I love!
How sweet to rove the lily-scented vale,
To hear thy soothing, fond, love-laboured tale!
Oft on a flowery bank where wild thyme grew,
And on the passing breeze its fragrance threw,
I've sat, with mind transported, to peruse
The chaste effusions of a Cowper's muse;
Hung o'er the lays descriptive Thomson sung,
And mused on serious themes with solemn Young.
Improving recreations! pastimes fair!
Such studious scenes will keen reflection bear.
These calm, instructive intervals I sing,
Imprinted no foul stain on Time's broad wing.
These are amusements which improve the mind,
These are the joys which leave no sting behind.
Licentious youths, in mad intemperance roll!
Ye sons of Bacchus, boast your rosy bowl!
Unenvied, long enjoy your sensual feast,
While I the sweets of morn and temperance taste.
Now buxom Youth, proud season of delight,
Big with the fairest hopes, has winged its flight;
Increasing days increasing cares have brought,
And mirth's gay sallies yield to serious thought.
In riper age, though troubles intervene,
Though cares unnumbered crowd the nuptial scene,

HAVERHILL.

Though oft on wedded love misfortune lours,
Yet Hymen's votaries have their happy hours:
His checkered bonds can silken fetters prove,
When souls congenial think and act by love.
Twelve years have flown, since, to the sacred shrine,
I led the maid I chose, and sealed her mine.
Eight rosy prattlers grace my humble cot;
Charmed by their smiles, I bless my happy lot;
Affection loves their gambols to survey,
Nor scorns to mingle with their childish play:
Their artless sports a heartfelt bliss bestow,
A bosom joy, which none but parents know.
Immersed in duties of parental care,
Few are the hours domestic scenes can spare;
For still some nurseling of my little race
Clings round my knees, and claims the fond embrace.
Full oft (though not by inclination led)
I quit my pen, to rock the wicker bed:
And oft (to hush the noisy urchin's cries)
Leave Milton's strains, to sing soft lullabies.—
But haste, fond Muse, some vacant moment seize,
Short periods, fraught with calm "poetic ease;"
Rise, and with me my native vales survey,
And in descriptive numbers tune thy lay.

Hail, long known spot! paternal dwelling, hail!
The neatest cot in Burton's rural vale.

HAVERHILL.

Though fairer mansions, prouder domes, I see,
Still my fond heart with rapture turns to thee.
Thy white-washed front, and little gay parterre
(Which owes its blossoms to a mother's care) ;
Those box triangles, and those box-edged beds,
Where Flora's blushing offspring lift their heads ?
Those lilacs tall, and fruitful cherry-tree ;
Though simple objects, still have charms for me.
Nor let the Muse forget thy woodbine bower,
Where pleasing studies winged the leisure hour ;
Beneath whose canopy, with blooming maid,
I've sat, till Vesper pierced the leafy shade
With his bright ray ; and passed, in converse sweet,
Fair hours of bliss within thy green retreat.

Near yonder bridge, that strides the rippling
brook,

A hut once stood, in small sequestered nook,
Where Chambers¹ lodged. Though not of Gipsy
race,

Yet, like that tribe, he often changed his place.
A lonely wanderer he, whose squalid form
Bore the rude peltings of the wintry storm :
An hapless outcast, on whose natal day
No star propitious beamed a kindly ray ;
By some malignant influence doomed to roam
The world's wide dreary waste, and know no home.

HAVERHILL.

Yet Heaven, to cheer him as he passed along,
Infused in life's sour cup the sweets of song.
Upon his couch of straw, or bed of hay,
This poetaster tuned th' acrostic lay ;
On him an humble Muse her favours shed,
And nightly musings earned his daily bread.
Meek, unassuming, modest shade ! forgive
This frail attempt to make thy memory live ;
To me more grateful thus thy deeds to tell,
Than the proud task to sing how heroes fell.
Minstrel, adieu ! to me thy fate's unknown ;
Since last I saw thee many a year has flown :
Full oft has Summer poured her fervid beams,
And Winter's icy breath congealed the streams.
Perhaps, lorn wretch ! unfriended and alone,
In hovel vile thou gav'st thy final groan ;
Closed the blear eye, ordained no more to weep,
And sunk, unheeded sunk, in Death's long sleep !
O how unlike the bard of higher sphere,
Whose happier numbers charm the polished ear ;
Whose Muse in academic bowers reclines,
And, cheered by affluence, pours her classic lines ;
Whose sapient brow, though angry critics frown,
Boasts the green chaplet, and the laurel crown !
Not distant far, where yonder streamlet glides,
'Mid varied flowers which deck its shelvy sides,

HAVERHILL.

There stands a modest structure,² neatly fair,
Whose front displays no ostentatious glare.
For use, not splendour, was the dome designed,
And formed to please the unambitious mind.
Yon lovely spot, where once rude nettles grew,
Presents a little Eden to the view.
Touched by the hand of art, gay tribes arise,
And Flora boasts her many-coloured dyes.
The white-thorn hedge, with shades of evergreen,
Surrounds and decks the cultivated scene.
If e'er I sigh for sublunary bliss,
That sigh shall heave for such a home as this ;
If e'er a wish within my bosom rise,
That wish shall be for this small paradise.
How vain the ardent wish, the envious sigh,
For aught or bright or fair beneath the sky :
Death at a distance marks our anxious toils,
And at our schemes of future comfort smiles ;
And when we hope the cup of joy to sip,
He strikes the chalice from the unmoistened lip.
Deal I in fiction ? No ! the truths I sing
Were verified in thee, lamented King !³
Far from thy home, from social friends apart,
And all the soft delights that charm the heart,
The fatal summons found thee—stroke severe !
That closed thy useful, active, fair career !

HAVERHILL.

No more thy garden, or thy hawthorn bower,
Yield their sweet solace in Retirement's hour ;
No more can business rouse, nor pleasure charm,
Nor gentle friendship thy cold bosom warm :
For Death (when just matured each well-formed
scheme ;

When flattering Hope indulged her golden dream ;
When life's bright sun had gained meridian prime)
Consigned thee to the grave's unsocial clime :
Afflicted Friendship sorrowed o'er thy bier,
And fond Affection still imparts her tear.

Beneath yon hedge some vestiges remain,
Which mark the spot where stood an hallowed
fane.

But ah, how fallen ! Against Time's potent hand,
Nor storm-proof tower, nor sacred dome can stand :
The proudest palace, at the appointed hour,
Must prostrate fall, and own the tyrant's power.
Now on this consecrated, still domain,
Glad Ceres, smiling, views her yellow grain :
Here oft the ploughshare, and the peasant's spade,
The silent sabbath of the tomb invade ;
Draw the dread curtain of the grave away,
And rouse the drowsy tenants into day
O that some spirit of this ancient race
Would rise and tell the history of the place ;

HAVERHILL.

And to my mind, my curious mind ! unfold
Some brief memorial of the days of old ;
Tell why its guardian genius could not keep
The holy pile from Ruin's ruthless sweep !
But ah ! no generous shade appears to tell
When, shook by Fate, the massy fabric fell ;
No kind, no courteous spirit deigns to rise,
With Truth's fair tale to banish dark surmise :
In vain the anxious Muse attunes her lay,
To lure some airy form to scenes of day.
Ye ghosts !—no more invoked—your secrets keep ;
Still, undisturbed, enjoy your iron sleep !—

Yon verdant field, which claims my next regard,
Still bears the homely name of " Parson's Yard : "
There, free from storms that loftier roofs invest,
The parsonage stood, where dwelt the village priest :
But what his character, or what his name,
Or whence he sprung, is now unknown to fame.
Methinks the pious, venerable man
To duty consecrated life's brief span ;
To feed his little flock—that sacred charge !—
And guard it from the wolf that prowls at large,
If such—though raven-plumed Oblivion shed
Impenetrable vapours round his head—
Yet when the last, stupendous morning springs,
Big with the fate of all terrestrial things,

HAVERHILL.

Then holy, happy shepherd ! thou shalt stand,
Amongst thy ransomed sheep, at Christ's right
hand ;

Receive thy just reward, in glory rise,
And like a star illumine the upper skies !

Behold yon mean, though picturesque abode,
By brooklet parted from the public road ;
Whose narrow bridge, composed of pole and plank,
Supplies the means to reach the farther bank :
Though unattractive to the vulgar view,
This cot a titled artist's pencil drew.

Hail, shade obscure ! the poor man's calm retreat,
Where labour makes the coarsest viands sweet ;
Where mild Content, with sacred Virtue joined,
Shed their soft sunshine on the humble mind.
When through this vale I strayed, in life's young
morn,

To gather flowers, and strip the berried thorn,
Here dwelt a tall, pale man^d : a sapient grace
Beamed on his brow, and dignified his face :
Though poor, he could an ancient lineage boast,
Sprung from a chief in Cromwell's martial host.
But ah ! he proved (how useless pedigree !)
A worthless scion from a noble tree !
He was of subtle, mean, litigious mind ;
A man unfriendly, whom no tie could bind :

HAVERHILL.

A tyrant stern; to warm Affection dead,
He wronged, and starved, the partner of his bed,
Till Heaven, in mercy calmed her ruffled breast,
And laid her "where the weary are at rest."
He was a chemist keen, whose fertile brain
Was teeming still some selfish ends to gain.
All thy sly arts, Dissimulation ! hung
Upon his voluble, persuasive tongue ;
But ah ! how vain, how futile, arts like these !
Age found him poor, the prey of dread disease ;
Parochial charity supplied him bread,
And sheltered 'neath her roof his hoary head :
There sharp Reflection multiplied his woes,
And Conscience, roused, embittered life's sad close !
No tender, sympathizing friend was near
The darkling vale of dolesome age to cheer ;
No spouse attentive hovered round his bed,
Wiped the cold dew, or stayed the drooping head ;
No children came, with duteous love imprest,
To crave his blessing ere he sank to rest :
Alone, unwept, his final breath he drew,
And hopeless bade to this vain world adieu !

Here, too, the Muse, still wandering, shall relate,
Poor Hephzibah ! thy sad, disastrous fate !—
Poor cottage girl ! Upon one fatal morn
She left her home, as playful as the fawn ;

HAVERHILL.

Pursued her walk to gain yon upland farm,
Thoughtless and gay, nor feared impending harm ;
Till, by an awful, instantaneous stroke,
Her frame was crushed, and all life's springs were
broke !

Thus have I seen, in spring, the cowslip tall,
Pressed by the steer's rude tread, untimely fall ;
Prostrate on earth the withering floweret lies,
While all its fragrance, all its beauty, dies.
Frail human creature ! being of a day !
To every blast Misfortune blows, a prey :
Diseases dire, and lurking dangers, wait
To mix for suffering man the cup of fate ;
Nor worth, nor wealth, nor the strong arm of power,
From casual ills can shield his breast one hour.
Ah ! who can ward the stroke or stay the
breath ?

Alas ! " in midst of life, we are in death ! "

Proceed, my Muse, and quit this fatal dale
To mount yon hill, and breathe a keener gale.
There once a castle reared its haughty brow,
And frowned defiance on the vale below :
But built by whom, by Saxons or by Danes,
By whom destroyed, no record now remains.
Swept by thy powerful wing, imperious Time !
Aloft in air no ruin nods sublime :

HAVERHILL.

No fractured pediment, nor shattered wall,
In sullen silence waits its destined fall :
No triflers here, of antiquarian breed,
On wild Conjecture's airy morsels feed :
O'er this lone site no virtuoso pores,
To add some rusty bauble to his stores.
Haply this fortress, in its proudest hour,
Could laugh a siege to scorn, like Macbeth's tower ;
But now, of former strength, no trace is found,
Save an old weedy moat and earthy mound.

Those meadows, clad in sight-refreshing green,
Were erst of war the sanguinary scene,
When Canute sought our sea-encircled land,
And fought, brave Ironsides ! thy martial band :
On Ashdon's plains they met, in fierce array,
Till Edric's treason closed the fateful day ;
The stern invader crushed his English foes,
And Bartlow Hills⁵ a proud memorial rose.

But hark ! the noise which issues from on high,
With din incessant, speaks "the rookery" nigh :
Here may I lie, on mossy bank reclined,
And mark the manners of the sable kind.
Lo ! on the summit of yon towering trees,
The twig-formed cradle rocked by every breeze ;
Where the imprisoned young, absorpt in night,
Burst from their shells, and hail the welcome light.

HAVERHILL.

What fond anxiety, what tender care,
Reigns in the bosom of the plummy pair !
See them explore surrounding plains for food,
And bear the morsel to their craving brood.
Ye social-minded tribes ! may no rude wight
Scale your aërial citadels by night,
And rob you of your young ! may no rude blast,
Prone from your nests, your unfledged offspring cast !
But may they, clad in ebon plumes, repair
To wing with you the regions of the air !
And ye, unfeeling sires ! (for such there be)
Who slight a rosy infant progeny ;
Who, to Affection's sweet sensations dead,
Can hear, unmoved, their children cry for bread !
Go, study Nature's ever-open book,
And learn parental duty from the rook.

From this amusive scene I bend my feet,
To view yon pleasure-ground and ancient seat⁶ :
Enchanting spot ! inviting, sweet recess !
Thy shades are formed the studious mind to bless :
Here may the son of Song his raptures breathe,
Woo the coy Muse, and win the unfading wreath.
The pastor here, by worldly care unvexed,
May well enjoy this life, nor slight the next ;
May from his polished circle oft retire,
To search his heart, and fan Devotion's fire,

HAVERHILL.

And soar in thought to scenes beyond the tomb,
Where Sharon's never-fading roses bloom.
Here generous Coldham lived—the children's friend,
Who saw a sportive train his steps attend ;
Around their patron thronged the rosy race,
While expectation beamed in every face :
With wistful glance they eyed the usual share,
The ruddy apple and the juicy pear :
He doled to every hand the welcome fee,
And bursts of noisy transport spoke their glee.
Let other bards, estranged to pity, tell
Suwarrow's triumph when proud Ismael fell !
Sing how the monster urged his fierce career,
When Praga's infants writhed upon the spear !
Mine be the task, mild shade ! in artless lays,
To give such worth as thine its well-earned praise ;
To make in simple song thy memory bloom,
And hang a wreath of wild-flowers o'er thy tomb.

While thus I stray, and scenes successive rise
To gratify my mind, and charm mine eyes,
Lo ! in yon mead, I mark a "house of prayer,"⁷
Where crowds to serve their Maker oft repair—
Serve ! did I say ? Alas ! too many go
To gaze, to sleep, and Fashion's plumes to show !
Ye triflers ! why pollute the hallowed dome ?
Be more discreet, and "play the fool" at home :

HAVERHILL.

Your looks irreverent, gestures vain, declare
Ye ne'er reflect that God is present there.
While thus ye act beneath the sacred roof,
Expect, ye thoughtless tribe, a stern reproof !
And may rebuke "prevail with double sway,
And ye who go to trifle, learn to pray."⁸
For there the humble soul that seeks, may find
Plain Gospel-truths to edify his mind :
There may the doubting heart be taught to place
Implicit confidence in Sovereign Grace :
The contrite breast may join in social prayer,
And waft the sigh that is not lost in air.
Draw near those hallowed walls, my feet ! and tread,
With silent awe, these mansions of the dead.
And let Affection's dew-drops glitter here—
A sister's⁹ relics claim a brother's tear :
Here may the soft suffusion freely flow ;
Here taste, my heart, the luxury of woe ;
Yet, soothing Muse, these starting tear-drops dry,
Nor let unseemly grief becloud mine eye :
Turn from her grave, to where yon tomb beneath,
Locked in the icy arms of ghastly Death,
Sarissa sleeps ; who, in youth's bloomy prime,
Was summon'd from the anxious scenes of Time :
Buoyed up by Hope, she crossed the gloomy wave,
And landed on fair shores beyond the grave !

HAVERHILL.

Adieu ! thou sadly-pleasing spot, adieu !
I go where fruitful Nature meets my view ;
To grass-clad meads, and fields arrayed in corn,
Where buxom Plenty waves her well-filled horn.

Fanned by the breeze, yon field of waving ears
At distance like a floating lake appears ;
There, wrapt in mould of stiff, adhesive clay,
A long-forgotten, rich deposit lay,
Till, not five lustres since, some peasants found
The golden treasure.¹⁰ Hid within the ground
What time proud Rome her conquering eagles
bore,

Through vanquished Gaul, to Albion's fertile shore ;
And famed Iceni's queen, on scythed car,
Spread fierce destruction through the ranks of war.
Full many a circling age the humble swain
Ploughed the rough glebe, and reaped the ripened
grain,

Unconscious that, beneath the trodden soil,
Slept the bright metal that could cheer his toil ;
Whose radiant influence could improve his lot,
And banish hunger from his sordid cot.—
Gold ! glittering mischief ! bane and blessing, too,
Adored by Christian, Infidel, and Jew !
For thee, the toil-worn peasant hourly sighs,
And views his master's stores with envious eyes !

HAVERHILL.

For thee, the lover quits his Delia's arms,
And pays his court to thy superior charms !
For thee, the needy bard invokes the Nine,
Trims the new thought, and smoothes th' unpolished
line !

For thee, the merchant quits his splendid ease,
Seeks burning climes, and steers through frozen
seas !

The chief of martial mien, the warrior bold,
Fights less for Glory's wreath than love of gold !
The venal statesman takes the tempting fee,
And barter's conscience ! country ! all, for thee !

Yon farm (the chapel) on its walls displays
Some few mementos of monastic days :
There, as tradition tells, in times of yore,
Fat monks, recluse in superstitious lore,
Consumed their vital lamp: remote from strife,
They never bustled through the storms of life.
On thy soft couch, Indulgence ! long they lay,
And passed in mental sleep their golden day:
Wrapt in calm Indolence and bloated Ease,
Like drones they wronged the more industrious
bees.

Yet e'en these sons of Sloth, at matin bell,
Their morning prayers would chant, their beads
would tell.

HAVERHILL.

Or if the grand intruder's pointed dart
Had pierced a ghostly brother's pampered heart,
The brethren meet, in sacred vest arrayed,
To soothe, with solemn rites, his hovering shade ;
And when fair Day's proud star illumed the West,
Again they prayed, told beads, and sank to rest.

With wiser views, for nobler ends designed,
The great Creator formed the active mind ;
Gave the fine nerve to feel for others' woe,
And taste that godlike pleasure to bestow ;
Gave the soft art to soothe Affliction's child,
And cheer his pathway through this dreary wild ;
Gave to the human heart that social glow
Which, leagued with Virtue, forms a heaven below.
While others joy in dull seclusion find,
Mine be the pleasures of a social mind ;
Mine the soft bliss that waits the nuptial tie,
And mine the charms of sweet society ;
Mine be the philanthropic wish t' embrace
In one warm ample fold the human race.

Sure some fond poet feigned the pleasing tale ¹¹
Of love and innocence in cottaged vale,
Else had this rural hamlet been unstained,
Nor on its annals this foul blot remained—
Here lived fair Alice ! Not the valley flower
That opes its snowy breast in Spring's green hour

HAVERHILL.

E'er bloomed more sweet, more fair ! An untaught
grace

Played in her air, and wantoned in her face.
Hers was the nameless charm, devoid of art,
To weave Affection's net-work round the heart ;
O'er youthful minds to bid soft transports rove,
And light in gentle breasts the lamp of love.
Long nurtured by a mother's tender care,
She shone the fairest of the village fair,
Till a false stripling wooed the cottage maid,
Won her fond heart, and Alice was betrayed !—
Adieu, soft seasons ! big with calm delight,
The day that knew no cloud, the tranquil night !
On tardy pinions the dull moments move,
When lawless Passion glooms the bower of Love !
When Reputation bleeds, and dire Disgrace
Tinctures with Shame's deep blush the conscious
face.

Poor, hapless nymph ! thy once unspotted name
Is sullied by the breath of common fame ;
Thy venial fault assembled gossips spread,
And Slander pours her vials on thy head !
Whilst he, the cruel author of thy grief,
Basely denies thy throbbing breast relief !
Leaves thee to heave unseen the useless sigh,
And mourn thy fatal, fond credulity !

HAVERHILL.

Ah, unavailing grief ! Ah, slighted charms !
The vile deceiver flies thy faithful arms !
To shun reproach, he seeks the rolling sea,
And “wrongs and woes” are all he leaves with
thee !—

How shall a Muse, with genuine fire unblest,
Paint the strong movements of her frenzied breast ?
When, reft of peace, abandoned to rude scorn,
She left her home, dejected and forlorn !
Sought her once favourite haunt, the oak-tree’s shade,
Then ranged with hurried step the pathless glade !
Sat on the rushy bank (her future grave),
And eyed, with vacant stare, the passing wave !
Till black Despair eclipsing Hope’s bright beam,
She timeless rushed in Stour’s o’erwhelming stream !
There oft, as village tales report, at night
Poor Alice glides, a discontented sprite ;
Haunts the drear margin where she sealed her
doom,

Or broods o’er her unconsecrated tomb !
Oft the benighted schoolboy, passing near,
Chants the blithe carol to suppress his fear ;
His bosom flutters, lest some troubled shade
Should cross his path in winding-sheet arrayed !
Creative Fancy’s wild illusions rise ;
Ideal phantoms dance before his eyes :

HAVERHILL.

He hears strange sounds in every breeze of wind,
Flies with full speed, and "dares not look behind!"¹²
When in my rural walks thy grave I see,
My serious thoughts, poor Alice! turn on thee:
I fain would hope, from sublunary woes
Released, thy hapless mind enjoyed repose!
Yes, I would hope that, with the ransomed blest,
It gained an humble seat in realms of rest.
Yet Reason, Scripture, and Religion joined,
Imprint a dread reverse upon my mind.—
But pause, rash Muse! nor pierce th' incumbent
gloom
That wraps, in tenfold night, the secrets of the
tomb!

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.



Invocation to the Muse—Description of a Village Funeral—
Walk in Churchyard—The Evening described—Clarissa—
Alleine — Pomfrett — Granger — Murdered Youth — Old
Soldier—Female Fiddler—Ambrose Curteen—Suicide—
William—Charles—Stella and her Lover—Dutch Soldier
—Conclusion.

BOOK II.



COME, solitary Muse ! who whilom strung
The lyre of woe for melancholy Young ;
Who, when Philander died, thy solace gave,
And soothed him while he dug Narcissa's grave !
Who dropped with him the sympathetic tear,
When called by Fate to weep o'er Lucia's bier.
Nymph of the musing mood, I crave thine aid !
Come range with me the churchyard's gloomy
shade !

Hark ! those dull sounds that murmur through
the air

A funeral solemnity declare ;
Led by the bell of Death, repair, my feet,
To mark a fellow mortal's last retreat ;
To view the mourners wrung with anguish deep,
Join the mute crowd, and "weep with those that
weep !"

Behold the village priest, in vestments white,
Reads o'er the dead the sacred, solemn rite !

HAVERHILL.

In humbler guise the clerk appears behind,
Whose countenance betrays few "marks of mind ;"
Adown whose "hard, unmeaning face" one tear
Was never seen to urge its moist career ;
Within the confines of whose callous breast,
The dove of Pity never built her nest ;
Whose heart, by custom hardened into stone,
Heeds not the woe-fraught sigh, or plaintful moan :
He views the gazing throng with vacant ken,
And gives, as office bids, the loud Amen !
In sables clad, see yon lorn widow moves,
To take a final leave of him she loves ;
On either side appears a cherub boy,
Two blooming pledges of departed joy.
Decrepid Age, with weak and faltering breath,
Whispers the well-known prayer, and thinks on
Death.

Gay Youth, with joy-bright eye, grows serious here,
And drops, at Nature's call, the ready tear :
For once, regardless of soft Pleasure's call,
The stripling quits his bat and bounding ball ;
Leaves his blithe mates, and seeks this solemn
place

With stealing step and reverential face :
His hat he doffs, and, with incessant gaze,
Attentively the awful scene surveys ;

HAVERHILL.

Till the dear infants, with their plaintive cries,
Draw the soft stream of sorrow from his eyes.

Sure this sad scene will deeply be imprest,
In lasting characters, on every breast !
Ah, no ! how soon the serious fit is o'er !
Bright Youth and hoary Age look sad no more !
Where the concern they had, or seemed to have ?—
A quick dispatch !—they left it in the grave.
The stripling boy to sorrow bids farewell,
And lends a hand to fill the gloomy cell.
Some to a neighbouring tavern bend their way,
To chant, with gay compeers, the jovial lay ;
To tell with glee the laugh-creating tale,
And drown reflection in a flood of ale.
Perchance the converse takes a graver turn—
To the rare merits of the friends they mourn :
How he at quoits or bowls could all excel,
And e'en, when “put upon,” could box right well :
For joke and carol few could him surpass—
Who quaffed with higher glee the mantling glass ?
A jolly soul, who freely paid his score,
And ne'er—save when provoked to passion—swore !
His character thus scanned, they hope the best,
And piously conclude he's gone to rest.

Yet why thus censure others ? Has thy breast
Received improvement ? Can it bear the test

HAVERHILL.

Of fair, impartial scrutiny? O, say,
What moral lesson is acquired to-day?
Hast thou, in spite of Passion's mad control,
Curbed the impetuous sallies of the soul?
Or, when Temptation strong thy mind assailed,
Say, hast thou nobly o'er the foe prevailed?
Hast thou with pity heard pale Misery sigh,
Or wiped the tear-drop from Misfortune's eye?—
O may I never wear the censor's frown,
And, scanning others' faults, forget mine own!

But see—mild Evening dons her robe of grey;
This is the funeral of departed Day:
My heart, be thou the mourner! may thy powers,
Absorbed in sorrow, mourn thy mis-spent hours!

Here pause:—for, lo! Night's silver-vested queen,
In lustrous glory rides the blue serene;
Hangs her refulgent lamp o'er land and sea,
Yet condescends to beam her ray on me.
Lit by her beams, may I these tombs survey,
And, musing pensive, tune the serious lay!
O'er the drear mansions may I boldly tread,
Nor fear to break the slumbers of the dead!
They ne'er shall wake, till the last trumpet's
sound

Rouse from their long, long sleep the tenants of
the ground!

HAVERHILL.

This is the place where superstitious fear
Believes that sheeted spectres oft appear;
That injured ghosts arise, and grimly glide
To haunt the cot where perjured swains reside;
To fill the guilty mind with awful dread,
And shake the curtains of the murderer's bed.
Weak Superstition's dream! whilst here I walk,
No disembodied shades before me stalk!
Chased by bright Reason's clear, refulgent ray,
These vain, fantastic beings fade away!

The clock strikes twelve!—it tells unthinking man
Another day is flown of Life's short span;
It bids the trifler mourn his follies past,
And think the present hour may prove his last.
Mute Silence rules—no sounds the ear invade—
The clattering loom, and every wheel of trade,
Suspend their various movements: all is still—
The echoing anvil, and the whizzing mill:
The wakeful dog has bayed himself to rest,
And Philomela seeks her downy nest;
And leans, as poets sing, upon her thorn,
Till roused by its sharp point to hail the morn.
At this lone hour may no rude foot intrude,
To mar this consecrated solitude!—
But why indulge a momentary fear?
Why doubt to find the rash intruder here?

HAVERHILL.

The juvenile, the volatile, and gay,
Would rather seek the inn, the ball, or play !
The proud one will not quit his gilt alcove,
Amid these dreary sepulchres to rove !
Nor will the drunkard leave his "mantling bliss,"
To pay his visit to a scene like this !

Here reigns mild Peace upon her throne of rest ;
A settled calm pervades each subject's breast !
Here Pleasure's silk-clad votaries cease to shine,
Nor longer sigh for splendour, love, and wine !
Here Mammon's sordid sons forbear to trust,
For bliss supreme, in bags of glittering dust ?
Ambition's air-formed projects all are o'er,
And Beauty's full-blown roses charm no more !

Perhaps beneath this turf, unconscious prest,
Sleeps many a swain whom heaven with genius blest ;
Who, had some patron fanned the dormant fire,
Like Milton might have swept a seraph's lyre !
Like star-exploring Newton soared on high,
And scanned the golden wonders of the sky !
Like Nelson made Britannia's thunders roar,
From northern Thule to green Egypt's shore !
What countless numbers crowd this hallowed spot—
Their useful lives, their humble names forgot !
Assist me, Recollection, to review
The lowly deeds of those whom once I knew.—

HAVERHILL.

In that short tomb is my Clarissa laid !
A tender flower that blossomed but to fade :
Too delicate a texture to sustain
The fierce assaults of agonizing Pain.
O, favoured babe ! a sweet release to find,
Ere Sin could taint, or Sorrow cloud thy mind !
Dismissed, in Life's first dawn, from scenes of care,
Ascend the skies, and shine a cherub fair !
Millions, when Day's bright lamp shall cease to burn,
Will wish, like thee, they 'd found an early urn !
Then kings, divested of their regal state,
Would give their years of fame for thy short date !
Heroes would with their boasted laurels part,
To gain, sweet Innocence ! thy guileless heart !
And thy proud, impious infidel,¹³ O France !
Will view, with envious eyes, thy happy ignorance !
Once more I pause, and heave the heartfelt sigh
O'er the grass sod where Alleine's ashes lie.
Friend of Life's morning hours ! companion dear,
Thy early loss still asks my friendly tear.
With thee, when May awoke the vernal hours,
I roved green meads bedropt with yellow flowers ;
Climbed the tall elm, and pierced the briery wood,
To rob the raven of his croaking brood !
Oft, too, when Youth attained its flowery prime,
And Hope's gay visions gilt the wings of Time,

HAVERHILL.

We walked conversing, till Day's car was driven,
By flaming coursers down the steep of heaven ;
Till Eve's bright star unveiled her diamond eye,
And Night's pale planet climbed the azure sky.
What social bliss ! when mutual friends impart
The joy or grief that charms or pains the heart !
Cease, Memory ! cease, thy magic wand to wave,
Nor call departed pleasures from the grave ;
To shades oblivious may they be consigned,
Since retrospection wounds the feeling mind.
But yet, lost friend ! the Muse, to friendship true,
Clings to thy tomb, and breathes a fond adieu ?
Still o'er thy mouldering corse she ponders long,
Heedless that other subjects claim her song !

From blooming Youth I turn to hoary Age,
And go where rests a venerable sage,¹⁴
Who through life's checkered vale serenely moved,
By earth respected, and by heaven approved ;
Religion's radiant path he wisely trod,
And studied with delight the book of God :
From that blest source the best of knowledge drew,
And (pleasing thought !) he practised what he knew.
His generous heart with friendly feelings glowed,
And from his lips persuasive wisdom flowed ;
Full oft he warned me of the snares of youth,
And showed my erring feet the way of truth !

HAVERHILL.

Calm was his mind: whene'er, in private life,
Contentious breasts "let slip the dogs" of Strife,
Then, friend of Peace! it was thy liberal aim
To hush the storm, and quench the kindling flame;
To bid tumultuous gusts of passion cease,
And soothe discordant tempers into peace!
Unlike the chief who pants for martial fame,
And flies to arms to gain a hero's name;
Who, goaded by Ambition's mad desire,
To win renown, would set the globe on fire!
Would wade through seas of blood his wish to gain,
And climb to empire over hills of slain!
Edmund, farewell! thy philanthropic mind
No longer seeks the good of human kind;
No more thy kind, thy social, happy breast
Dilates with joy to see thy neighbour blest;
Thy gentle spirit, freed from cumbrous clay,
Soared to the peaceful climes of cloudless day,
To bow before the dazzling throne of bliss,
And hymn the praises of "the Prince of Peace!"

I leave my aged friend, and haste to find
Where Granger rests on bed of dust reclined;
Not e'en an osiered hillock heaves to show
Here the poor idiot, Samuel, sleeps below.
Hard was thy lot, poor lad! that dreary dome,
A parish workhouse, was thy gloomy home;

HAVERHILL.

Where sireless Youth and childless Age repair,
Forced by hard Fate to seek parochial care !
Ah, friendless youth ! to certain misery born,
No cheerful cloud illumed Life's opening morn ;
No rustic beauty caused thy heart to prove
The soft, enchanting witcheries of love !
No wife, affectionate, on her kind breast
Lulled thy disordered faculties to rest ;
No rosy offspring charmed thy raptured sight,
Nor made thy bosom vibrate with delight !
Bereft of social bliss, by heaven's decree,
The flower of Pleasure never bloomed for thee !
Rough was thy pathway through this sterile wild ;
No roses blossomed, and no prospects smiled.
Debarred, by want of mind, from Life's best joys,
Thou liv'dst the jest of men, the sport of boys !
Unwept the stroke the grizzly tyrant gave—
Soft Pity's offering ne'er bedewed thy grave !
Yet, when the awful mandate claimed thy breath,
And parish bounty delved thy house of death,
Thy humble, happy spirit winged its flight
From this gross orb to spheres of perfect light !
There (from thy native dross by Grace refined)
To taste the bliss that charms the infant mind !

Frown not, proud bigot ! on my liberal song,
Nor deem my mild, my generous system wrong.

HAVERHILL.

Nor think that power—the Great, the Just, the Wise!
Expects the end while He the means denies.
At thy dread bar, Omnipotence! where all
Must stand the test of Justice—rise or fall!—
Ne'er will this poor forlorn one be arraigned
For genius prostituted, faith profaned!
For conscience unregarded, wealth misused;
For duty slighted, or for time abused!
He had no talent given him to improve:—
I leave him to his Judge—a God of love!
And ye, vain sophists of the present day!
Ye sceptics vile! who lead the weak astray:
Ye stars of Science! foes to Holy Writ,
Who on the sacred page exhaust your wit—
Here view and envy this mean idiot's state;
And tremble, tremble for your future fate!

From hapless, weak insanity I turn
To him¹⁵ who lies forgotten in that urn.
Forgotten? I the faulty term recall!
Can I forget him? No! I saw him fall!
I saw him, flushed with health, in manhood's bloom,
Spurred by resentment, rush to meet his doom!
I saw him in the dire affray engage,
And fall a victim to a villain's rage!—
But hark! some false illusion mocks mine ear,
Or from the tomb these solemn words I hear:—

HAVERHILL.

“Attend, bold youth ! who com’st, devoid of dread,
To meditate among the village dead :
Hear this admonitory, brief address,
And profit by my tale of wretchedness.
Like yours, my cheek was tinged with Health’s red
dyes !

Hope’s promised pleasures glittered in mine eyes !
And, charmed by Fancy’s gaily-painted dream,
Heedless I sailed down Joy’s enchanted stream :
Until, alas ! a Providence severe
Marred each bright thought, and closed my gay
career !

Mine was an awful doom ! no warning given,
No space to reconcile offended Heaven !
Untimely summoned yon dread court to tread,
‘With all my imperfections on my head !’
Taught by my fate, by my experience wise,
Shun the mad haunts where storms of discord rise ;
Whose gales may Life’s frail bark asunder tear,
And whelm it in the whirlpool of Despair !”

Beneath that sod, in Spring’s bright verdure drest,
A valiant soldier¹⁶ finds a couch of rest :
If sprung from gentle race, his honoured name
Had lived in song, and swelled the trump of Fame :
Nay, royal favour might have shed its rays,
And placed upon his breast a star to blaze.—

HAVERHILL.

In early life, seduced by Glory's charms,
He left his plough to learn the trade of arms ;
Left the calm scenes of rustic solitude,
To traverse plains with human blood imbrued :
Where thousands in the bloom of health arrayed,
Led by bold chiefs, were swept to Death's dark
shade !

In that dread year, when from the scowling north
Rebellious Scotia poured her miscreants forth,
With loyal zeal he joined the martial band,
Which drove the rebels to their native land ;
There royal William, at one signal blow,
Laid all the hopes of proud Rebellion low !
But say, what bright reward, what brilliant meed,
Awaits the private hero's gallant deed ?
That grateful realm, for which he fought and bled,
Will shield from Want's rude storm his hoary
head.

Ah, no ! when he can fight and toil no more,
He seeks a refuge with the parish poor !
In workhouse drear he "draws his latest breath,
Where all that's dreadful paves the way to Death."¹⁷
Though Britain to thy worth no tribute pay,
Accept, heroic shade ! this simple lay :
Fain would the Muse, to humble virtue just,
Plant a poetic tribute o'er thy dust :

HAVERHILL.

And tell to future times, in artless strain,
Thy valiant deeds on Dettingen's famed plain.
But, ah ! the song that longs thy fame to save,
Must soon descend to dark Oblivion's cave !

See, where those flowers their yellow breasts
display,
And drink, in cups of gold, the tears of May ;
Freed from the ills that feeble age assail,
Sleeps active Nan—the minstrel of the vale ;
Whose withered arm, at Pleasure's jocund call,
Struck the blithe notes of joy at village ball.
Though little skilled to please the cultured ear,
Though no fair cherub "leaned from heaven to hear,"
Yet would the clown with awkward stride advance,
Charmed by her art, to weave the mazy dance ;
While Joy's bright glow illumed each maiden's
breast,

And gave to mirth like theirs a grateful zest.
But Death—whose stroke the pile of Hope destroys—
Who steals from social life its fairest joys—
Who spreads through festive scenes a general gloom—
Unstrung her lyre, and called her to the tomb.

Nymphs of the vale ! ye giddy-minded throng,
Who seek no higher bliss than dance and song ;
Who oft, responsive to her dulcet strain,
Tuned the soft lay, or beat the velvet plain ;

HAVERHILL.

Pause o'er this cold, obscure abode awhile,
And weep for her who oft has made you smile !
Here may you learn superior bliss to prize :
On nobler objects fix your wandering eyes !
Let thought ascend, where seraphs, robed in white,
Strike their soft lutes, and sing the songs of light !
Where Joy's fair flower perfumes the ambient air,
And through eternal ages blossoms fair !

Near where the Parsonage stood (ere that dread
day

When Haverhill¹⁸ sunk to raging flames a prey !)
'Midst undistinguished graves, the Muse shall find
Where rests a man¹⁹ who served, yet shunned man-
kind.

Alas ! no marble tablet here displayed,
Protects his relics from the sexton's spade !
For years secluded from the public eye,
He long indulged his singularity.
Nor interest, love, nor friendship could persuade
This dull recluse to quit the studious shade.
O'er sciences abstruse he loved to pore,
And scan the depths of mathematic lore.
Though oft his views were fanciful and wild,
Though at his air-built schemes the vulgar smiled,
Yet he was skilful in the healing art ;
To pain-worn frames could welcome ease impart ;

HAVERHILL.

With lenient hand he soothed the sufferer's pain ;
Though strange his life, he did not live in vain.

Eccentric sage ! why waste life's blooming hour
Unseen, unnoticed, like the desert flower ?
Why didst thou hide thy talent ? Why imbibe
The unsocial tenets of the hermit tribe ?
How similar to thine his selfish plan,
Who shuns all intercourse with brother man ;
Slight the endearing charities of life—
Friends, brothers, sisters, parents, children, wife !
Seeks some lone hermitage, and hopes to find
A sullen bliss in hating all mankind.
Vain man ! thy proper course of duty see,
Perform the part which Heaven allots to thee.
Go, seek Distress ! explore the haunts of Woe !
Bid the wan cheek in rosy tints to glow !
Smooth with soft touch Affliction's rugged road !
Clothe shivering Want, and fill her mouth with
food !

Where Christians in sublime communion join,
Direct thy steps, partake their joys divine !
When freed by Death, yon "star-paved" heights
ascend,

Where active virtue finds a heavenly Friend !

Here lift the monumental beacon high,
Ye architects ! to warn the passer-by :

HAVERHILL.

And be the stone with this address supplied—
“Pause! reader, pause! Here lies a suicide!
Who, void of Nature’s salutary dread,
Entered, uncalled, the precincts of the dead:
Rushed with a frantic haste to worlds unknown,
And read his sentence in his Maker’s frown.
Here, mortal! learn with patience to sustain
The load of life, though life be nought but pain:
Cherish existence: ’t is a blessing given;
And nobly ‘fill the circle marked by Heaven.’
What though the friend thou lov’dst should prove
 unkind;
Though Conscience with her scorpions sting thy
 mind;
Though Fortune frown, and Pain thy vitals tear;
To touch the sacred springs of life, forbear!
If bosom confidants perfidious prove,
Live—and secure a Friend that dwells above!
If Conscience wound thee for thy mis-spent days,
O live! repent! the future spend in praise!
If Fortune, changeful goddess! from thee fly,
Live—and expect a portion in the sky!
If past and present prove one scene of care,
Still live—and hope to-morrow may be fair!
Short, at its utmost length, life’s little span
Then why curtail that period, thoughtless man!

HAVERHILL.

Why with bold arm Almighty vengeance dare?
Why plunge thy soul in fathomless despair?
Taught by celestial wisdom, may no shock
Drive thy light bark upon this fatal rock!
Safe may it ride before a prosperous gale,
And weather every storm, should storms prevail!
Secure, though oft by adverse tempests driven,
To cast its anchor in the bay of heaven!"

William,²⁰ though no recording marble rise
To point thy lowly bed to curious eyes;
Though no unlettered Muse, with uncouth lay,
Here to thy worth a simple offering pay;
Yet delegated angels watch thy dust,
Till the last trump awake the sleeping just.

A pale consumption, in youth's cheerful bloom,
Urged its dire course, and marked him for the tomb.
Certain, though slow, stern Death his frame invades,
Anxious to people his unsocial shades.
The vital lamp, grown weak, but dimly burns;
Life's lazy, loitering wheel, which slowly turns,
At length stands still. No more the pulse can bound,
Disease assault, nor Pain inflict a wound.
While the glad soul exults at its release,
Attendant seraphs chant soft hymns of peace;
Bear on swift wing their happy charge away,
Through the fair portals, to bright worlds of day!

HAVERHILL.

Though placed by Heaven in humble station here,
A mind like his had graced a nobler sphere:
His genius—had some patron's fostering hand
Screened from cold want, and bade its buds
expand—

Like some fair flower in spring had blossomed
bright,

Sweet to the sense, and lovely to the sight:
So humble virtue lives unknown below,
And plants of genius unregarded blow;
Like lilies of the vale they flourish fair,
"And waste their sweetness on the desert air!"
Translated from th' ungenial soil of Time,
His Muse is ripening in a milder clime;
There the blest spirit joins the blissful throng,
And with angelic poets tunes its song;
While each bright mansion, and celestial grove,
Resounds and echoes with Almighty love!

' Neath that grass plot, where many a daisy
grows

Some harmless, useful characters repose;
Who, with an honest heart, and humble aim,
Stole through the world, nor craved the aid of
Fame.

Him will I sing, who lost, in youth's career,
The sweet, delightful sense—the power to hear.

HAVERHILL.

Poor, hapless Charles! who, through life's lengthened
day,

Trod the lone vale, a long and dreary way!

To cheer his path, no Muse was heard to say,

"Come, take my lyre, and sing thy cares away :

Soar to the fairy realms where Fancy reigns,

And lose, in joys fictitious, real pains."

To him soft Music's thrills, which glad the heart,

No soothing, sweet sensations could impart :

The charms of social converse ne'er were his ;

Nor did he know thy joys, Connubial Bliss!

Yet think not this obscure, "mean man" was found

An idle, useless cumberer of the ground :

For he was skilful in mechanic art ;

On life's low stage he played a useful part ;

Till, touched by Death, each fine pulsation stopt,

And o'er his mortal scene the curtain dropt :

Then his mild spirit sought that placid shore,

Where deafness grieves and pain molests no
more!

Thou unlamented shade! I leave thy cell,

Muse on thy life, and sigh, "Lorn man, farewell!

Here may'st thou rest, on pallet of rude clay,

Till clarion loud proclaims a judgment-day :

Then mount the skies (through Mercy), and obtain

A happy station with the ransomed train ;

HAVERHILL.

And gain in courts of light an humble seat,
Where bliss inferior still is bliss complete!"
In youth's bright morn, or manhood's brighter day,
If e'er I bowed to Love's imperial sway;
If e'er thy woes, Affection! dimmed mine eye;
Here may I pause, and heave th' impassioned sigh!
Fresh as the rose that paints the vernal year,
Bloomed the unhappy maid who moulders here:
In Beauty's radiant mould the fair was cast,
A lovely form! too lovely long to last.
Beauty! thou bright possession! frail as fair,
Full oft the proud possessor's fatal snare!
Full oft the vermeil cheek, and sparkling eye,
Have caused the heart that prized them many a sigh!
Full oft the fair, by sad experience, know
That Beauty's brilliant planet sets in woe.
A youth, of manners sprightly, temper bland,
To beauteous Stella proffered heart and hand;
The lovely nymph his tender suit approved,
Thro' Courtship's gay, enchanting scenes they roved;
Light Fancy pictured bliss without alloy,
And Hope anticipated future joy.
But rills of pleasure ne'er unsullied flow,
Nor pointless thorns in Love's sweet Eden grow.
Alas! Hope's rainbow visions, how they fade!
How Fancy's sun-bright landscapes sink in shade!

HAYERHILL.

His rigid sire, with avaricious aim,
Frowned disappointment on their mutual flame.
Fatal event! they leave Discretion's way,
And in the flowery paths of Error stray;
Till, reft of innocence and virtuous fame,
Reproachful Scandal spread her "growing shame;"
Not long she felt Detraction's scorpion power,
She met her fate in childbirth's dangerous hour!
Where shall the Muse find words to paint, with truth,
The keen distraction of the wretched youth:
Five tedious moons he wept her hapless doom,
Then sunk, heart-broken, to the silent tomb!
So mourns the constant turtle for his love,
Till his loud plaints resound through all the grove;
Each leafy copse has lost its wonted charms,
And love's soft victim sinks in Death's cold arms!

Near yon neglected spot, where no gay flower
Exhales its sweets in Evening's balmy hour;
But where vile tufts of peevish nettles stand,
To dart their venom on each hostile hand;
There rests a member²¹ of a warlike host,
Who came, at Danger's call, to Albion's coast:
What time Rebellion her black flag displayed,
And Britain, trembling, sought for foreign aid.

But, ah! no tempered steel, no moulded ball,
Big with destructive influence, caused his fall!

HAVERHILL.

For fell Disease assumed its fatal reign,
And Death, grim victor! closed his short campaign.
His sorrowing comrades laid his body here,
And paid that tribute rare—a soldier's tear!

Poor youth! though Fate assailed thee far apart
From the loved maid who won thy gallant heart;
Though far from native cot, and fav'rite grove,
A father's kindness, or a mother's love;
Yet, blest exchange! if, from a world like this,
Thy spirit soared to realms of endless bliss!
But soft! no more: the empress of the night
Gilds the dark shades with streams of silvery light:
Here my instructive, solemn walk shall close;
For Nature, wearied, claims her due repose.



BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.



To the Muse—Invasion—The Sweets of Home—Soldier—
Sailor—The Gamester—The Village Drunkard: his miser-
able Cot—Shakspeare—Bacon—Ward—Cobb—Scanderett
—Fairclough—Adieu to Haverhill—Conclusion.

BOOK III.



ONCE more—(and then, my fav'rite theme, farewell!)
Arise, loved Muse! attune thy vocal shell,
Sweep with bold touch the fascinating wire;
This task performed, then sleep my self-taught lyre:
Till, waked by Victory's animating call,
Each string proclaims a haughty tyrant's²² fall.

Indignant at Invasion's dread alarms,
Lo! Britain's warlike genius roused to arms!
See! every hamlet pours a youthful train,
To practise arms upon its velvet plain;
And martial music, as it rolls along,
Drowns the faint warblings of the poet's song.
So when rough tempests shake th' autumnal sky,
And warring winds from northern caverns fly,
Amid the ceaseless, elemental fray,
We scarce can hear the robin's feeble lay.

As yet, the Gallic storm at distance roars:
But should it reach our sea-encircled shores,

HAVERHILL.

Then bards like me must quit their hill of rhyme,
To mount the breach, the battlement to climb—
Quit their bright whimsies, Heliconian dreams,
To wade, 'mid showers of lead, through real streams.
Yes! they, when Britain calls, must drop their pen,
Shoulder the deathful piece, and act like men!

O may th' Omnipotent display his power,
And succour Albion in the trying hour!
May his dread arm avert th' impending stroke,
And shield our free-born necks from Gallia's yoke!
May no fierce chieftain these loved scenes assail,
And proudly lord it o'er my native vale;
Nor plundering hordes my favourite haunts explore,
And dye my flower-fringed walks with human gore!
Ne'er may these daisied meads, and corn-clad plains,
Drink the warm life-stream from a soldier's veins!
Ne'er may the trumpet's clang, the drum's loud beat,
Affrighten Echo from her cool retreat:
Nor may the cannon's thunder shake those groves,
And chase the Dryad from the haunt she loves!

Scenes which I love! though War, fierce Civil
War!

“Yoked her red dragons to her iron ear!”
Though stern-browed Cromwell, with his conquering
band,
Spread death and desolation through the land!

HAVERHILL.

Still were ye safe, although Colonia's³³ tower
Felt the red marks of his gigantic power.—
Scenes which I love! when called to quit your
 bowers—

To visit where proud London rears her towers—
Though siren Pleasure all her charms displayed,
I sighed for home, and for thy rural shade.

Dear home! engaging name! thou canst impart
A cheap-bought bliss, a charm for every heart!
There dwell the infant train, the tender wife;
There grows the balm that sweetens social life.
Lost to all sensibility the mind
That leaves without a sigh such bliss behind;
Who from delights like these can calmly rove,
Nor breathe a wish for home—fond seat of love!
If such a cold, insensate wretch there be,
“Thanks to this feeling heart—I am not he!”

The soldier, doomed through fields of blood to rove,
Doomed every ill that waits on war to prove,
Should the keen bayonet, or deathful ball,
With Heaven-commissioned errand, work his fall—
Whilst low he lies amid the mangled scene,
What heart-affecting thoughts will intervene;
His long-loved home—each scene that charmed his
 youth—

And she to whom he vowed eternal truth—

HAVERHILL.

Before his mind in quick succession rise,
Till Death's broad shadows settle on his eyes.

The hardy tar, who every danger braves,
And sings whilst riding on the howling waves—
Who hears, unmoved, loud storms and tempests roar,
Heaves the deep sigh for friends he left on shore—
Thoughts of his cot, his wife, and children dear,
Bedew his rugged front with Nature's tear:
His heart, though destined round the globe to roam,
Like the magnetic needle—points at home!

Yet some there are, with star-emblazoned breast,
Who live unloved, unsatisfied, unblest!
Who leave a sprightly group of girls and boys,
To taste the profligate's forbidden joys;
Leave domes magnificent, pavilions gay,
For haunts obscure—to be the gamester's prey!
Lose, at each throw, some farm or stately pile,
While Ruin, hovering, "grins a ghastly smile!"

But shall I stigmatize alone the great?
Are no offenders in a low estate?
Yes! yes! there are—the housewife's plaintive tale,
Of drunken spouse, is heard in every vale!

Behold that cot, whose miserable form
Shakes at the pressure of the wintry storm;
Whose mossy roof, chinked wall, and broken pane,
Admit the feathery snow and driving rain.

HAVERHILL.

Enter the ruinous abode, and see,
In living traits, domestic misery!
Crouched o'er the embers, view the squalid race,
Rags on each back, and famine in each face;
While cries for bread assail their mother's ears;—
She gives but one expressive answer—tears!
See at her breast a famished nurseling lies,
The milky fount can furnish no supplies;
Want has dried up the source which could impart
Nutricious streams to warm its tender heart.
Is this the fair, who, erst of beauty vain,
Smiled with contempt on every rustic swain?
Is this the nymph, who, drest so passing well,
Who eyed with Scorn's keen glance each village
 belle?
Is this—but soft, my Muse! that pallid brow,
And tattered garb, declare—"How altered now!"
Where is the friend who should her cares beguile,
And make her hapless fortune wear a smile?
He's gone to meet the ale-house-going throng,
And join the chorus of the drunkard's song:
Thoughtless of home, he drinks, and smokes, and
 swears;
Laughs loud, and to the winds consigns his cares.
Thou cruel spoiler of connubial bliss!
"O for a law to noose thy neck" for this!

HAVERHILL.

O for a law—but here my song shall pause,
And leave just Heaven t' avenge its broken laws!
Though man forbear, yet Providence will shed,
Or soon or late, dread vengeance on thy head!

Once more my Muse shall Haverhill hail; though
here

No star e'er rose to gild proud Learning's sphere;
No bard, like Shakspeare, who possessed the art
To touch each spring that agitates the heart;
To make the frame with Joy's warm fervours glow,
Or drown the spirits in a flood of woe!
No Bacon, who, with philosophic eye,
Could into Nature's latent secrets pry;
Who up thy mount, fair Knowledge! boldly soared,
And every scientific mine explored!
Yet let not Science view this spot with scorn,
For here the learn'd, th' accomplished Ward²⁴ was
born!

A zealous minister; a pious man;
An humble, persecuted Puritan;
Who the mild fascinating art possessed,
To soften and subdue the hardened breast.
Though vain Philosophy such worth despise,
Yet he who "winneth souls" is truly wise!—
With rigour scourged by Persecution's rod,
Here fervent Scanderett²⁵ preached the Word of God:

HAVERHILL.

By laws severe, though form his pulpit driven,
Undaunted still he served the cause of Heaven;
Endured the rage of man with mind serene,
And, filled with better hopes, he left this earthly
scene!

Here, too, lived Cobb,²⁶ in Mary's blood-stained days,
Whose pious worth transcends my feeble praise;
Who the fierce threats of popish priests withstood,
Avowed the truth, and sealed it with his blood:
Th' unconquered spirit smiled at Death's grim frown,
Soared to the skies, and gained a martyr's crown!

Last, but not least, upon this roll of Fame,
Gladly my Muse inscribes a Fairclough's²⁷ name;
Of all thy worthies, Haverhill! who could feel,
For sacred truth, more animated zeal?
Assiduous in his gracious Master's cause,
He preached till silenced by coercive laws:
Zealous, where duty led, his course to steer;
Left all to serve his God, and keep his conscience
clear!

Haverhill, adieu! adieu my favourite theme!
Ye sylphs, who prompt the poet's fairy dream,
Farewell! this rustic lyre, my youthful pride,
Thus, with reluctant hand, I cast aside!
Yes! I must Nature's potent call obey,
Unstring my harp, and fling my pen away!

HAVERHILL.

For lo! a prattling band, a blooming brood
Of rosy infants, claim their daily food.
These happy triflers sport away their time,
Nor heed the cold neglect that waits on rhyme:
They neither know—nor wish to know—the train
Of glittering forms that haunt the poet's brain:
They would famed Pegasus, and all the Nine,
For painted horse, or gilded book resign;
A dish of metaphors, though drest with care,
Would to my prattlers prove but empty fare:
A glass of nut-brown ale they 'd rather choose,
Than goblets filled with Heliconian dews;
And a piled hearth, bright blazing, more admire,
Than all the flashes of poetic fire.—

O, when that fateful stroke, that general doom,
Shall stop my shuttle, tear me from my loom,
Dear, native vale! thy flowery turf beneath,
May he, who sang thy praise, repose in death!
I ask no sculptured stone, no verse sublime,
To shield my memory from the blast of time;
But may that friend, whom most my heart holds
 dear,
Bedew my grassy hillock with a tear!

THE MARKET TOWN.

A Descriptive Poem.

"I have often thought that almost every spot and place in our villages and hamlets would afford instruction and interest to the reflecting traveller, were he enabled or inclined to gather up the mere outline of their past and present history."

THE VILLAGE OBSERVER.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation—Rural Scenery—Old May-Day—Country Fair—
Recruiting Serjeant—Modern Farmer—Ancient Farmer—
Effects of Modern Refinement—Hope—Toll Bar—Robert
—Mudwalled Cot—The Family—Parish House—Pauper
and Milk-white Spaniel—Hamlet Alehouse—Landlord, &c.

BOOK I.



“Dear native bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o’er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !”

GOLDSMITH.

Genius of Goldsmith ! Thou who erst didst string
The sweet-toned harp thy Auburn’s wrongs to sing,
Who cast on Crabbe thy mantle, bid his pen,
Like thine, portray the lowly walks of men,
Oh ! grant a portion of that genuine fire,
That “waked to ecstacy” thy charming lyre,
Which haply may the Muse’s labours bless,
And crown her feeble efforts with success.
Lyre of my happier days ! whose artless song
Was wont to please—thou hast been silent long,
Upon my fav’rite beech tree thou hast hung,
Till the wild gales have every cord unstrung.

THE MARKET TOWN.

For once—now Fancy wills—I'll take thee down,
Adjust thy strings, and sing *The Market Town*.

Afar from London's proud imperial towers,
Where Pleasure's votaries speed the laughing hours,
And gay Amusement spreads her painted wings,
To feast the eyes of subjects and of kings :
Yes, far removed—embosomed in a vale,
Where health's fair blessings load each whispering
gale,

And Peace—mild turtle—with her downy wing
Broods o'er the scene—appears the spot I sing.
Hail, long loved vale ! through thee in life's first
hours

I gaily ranged to cull thy early flowers,
How dear to ripper years thy flowery glades,
Thy furrowed fields, green lanes, and sylvan shades :
I love thy lowland walks at Eve's brown hour,
When the last sun-gleam gilds the time-worn tower,
And the grey linnet, as I muse along,
Tunes to departing day a farewell song.
How sweet to hear, as nature sinks to rest,
The blackbird warbling o'er his clay-built nest,
And Philomel—loved chantress of the shade,
Hymns to the evening star her serenade.

Hail, long loved vale ! to retrospection dear,
What sweet associations mingle here,

THE MARKET TOWN.

'Mid thy green bowers the muse did first essay,
To tune with woodland pipe her humble lay ;
To tell in artless verse the simple tale,
And sing the history of her native vale.
Still the loved muse her inspiration breathes,
And still I love to twine her fairy wreaths ;
Her witching spell with strong enchantment binds,
Sweet bondage! seldom felt by vulgar minds.
Yes! fair enchantress! thine the magic power
To spot the barren dale with many a flower,
To cheer life's pilgrim as he plods along,
Till vanquished grief confess the charm of song,

Dear scenes! full oft, when Youth's auspicious prime,
Strewed roses o'er my pathway, and blithe Time
Shook balmy blessings from his noiseless wing,
I climbed yon hill, to view those shades I sing.
Green native shades ! through you I fondly strayed,
With early friend, or sweetly blushing maid,
Or passed in dreams poetic morn's fair hour
Along thy rushy banks, meandering Stour.

What though no splendid routes attract the gay,
Nor lure the man of pleasure here to stay,
What though from scenic arts no transport springs,
No Kean performs, or Catalani sings,
Yet here, e'en here, to turn adrift old Care,
This lowly scene can boast an annual fair ;

THE MARKET TOWN.

When, for the day, the peasant of the vale
Throws every sorrow to the passing gale,
Imparts to each worn feature the glad smile,
Nor heeds to-morrow or its scene of toil.

Full oft when life was new and spirits gay,
I hail'd the blest return of Old May Day.
Sweet period ! when each copse and budding grove
Is vocal with the songs of feathered love,
And genial Spring, who leads the vernal hours,
Spreads her green carpet, gemmed with golden flowers.

Yes, when this scene of rustic joy drew nigh,
I marked its progress with attentive eye,
The "note of preparation" loved to hear,
And lent my ready hand the booths to rear.
All was domestic hurry to prepare
For kindred guests clean floors and dainty fare.
The poor mechanic stole an hour from trade,
And his clay cot a white-washed front displayed ;
The humming wheel was banished from the room,
And the brisk matron plied her mop and broom,
Sweet relaxation soothed the weaver's breast,
And every shuttle found a day of rest.

The jocund period comes ; in saffron robe,
Day's monarch mounts his throne, to rule the globe.
The lark, morn's speckled herald, wings his flight
To hail with song the source of heat and light.

THE MARKET TOWN.

Loud ring the merry bells, whose cheerful sound
Proclaims the festival the country round.
Borne on the wings of zephyrs soft and clear,
The grateful cadence greets the ploughboy's ear,
Who heeds not now the warblings of the thrush,
Nor odours wafted from the May-thorn bush.
But wrapt in hope's fair day-dream onward moves,
Winds the deep furrow, chants the song he loves,
Till all the servile toil a master needs
Is o'er, and from his plough the swain proceeds
To don his Sunday doublet, and repair,
Flushed with anticipation, to the fair.

The woody hamlet and the wide-stretched plain
Pour from their cots obscure a happy train,
O'er each glad visage health has spread her dye,
Whilst joy's bright beam illumines each laughing eye;
And minds which no foreboding thoughts annoy,
The jovial group the present hour enjoy.

See to yon bowers the joyous lovers haste,
In dalliance fond the white-robed hours to waste:
What bliss reciprocal ! The speaking eye,
The palpitating breast, the tell-tale sigh,
" Affection's dialect," full oft declare
That Love has fixed his soft dominion there.

Thrice happy bustling scene of jocund noise,
To please the simple mind, what simple joys !

THE MARKET TOWN.

All that can charm the buxom damsel's eyes
The pedler's "silken treasury" supplies.
Whatever glads the infant and the boy
Is there—the bat, the ball, the whip, the toy.
But hark ! the bugle sounds—to yonder stage
Haste giddy youth, and hobble feeble age,
And mount the steps, and pay the copper mite,
The king of conjurers soon will meet your sight :
There you may sit entranced in deep amaze,
And with each hair on end astonished gaze,
See the learned hobby too, as some relate,
That opes to curious minds the book of fate,
Points out the nymph by faithless man betrayed,
Or her whom angry stars have doomed to die a maid.

Make way, ye smiling crowds, those fifes and drums
Proclaim the gay Recruiting Sergeant comes,
With measured step he boldly strides along,
The gaze and wonder of the village throng.
While brandishing the burnished blade on high,
He views the crowd with supercilious eye ;
No chief returned from glory's tented plain,
Though honour rank him with her titled train,
Though glory for his brow her wreaths prepare,
Assumes such state or moves with such an air.
But mark ! when lucre prompts, he can unbend,
And treat each humble stranger as a friend ;

THE MARKET TOWN.

With graceful ease can happy freedoms take,
Give each rough hand the frank and hearty shake ;
Troll the light catch, and tell the frolic tale,
And freely push about the mantling ale.
Won by his lures, some youth devoid of art,
Unmindful of a maiden's aching heart,
Regardless of a father's manly sigh,
Or the big drops that drown a mother's eye,
Accepts the boon, and spends the golden fee
In the mad scenes of midnight revelry,
Till from the friends that loved him called afar,
To learn on distant plains the trade of war.

Thus passes the gay fair—the sullen boy
In abject mood regrets the vanished joy ;
The thought of school and pedagogue severe,
Draws from its liquid source the troubled tear,
Till Hope, blest cheerer ! darts her vivid ray,
And paints in fairy tints some future holiday.

Yet once a week this tranquil vale displays
A transient bustle 't is our Market Days ;
When from some village hall, in trim attire,
With mien as stately as a country squire,
The Modern Farmer meets the public view ;
Come ! doff your hats, and pay the homage due.

At inn arrived, the ready hostler stands,
And bows obsequious to his loud commands ;

THE MARKET TOWN.

With spring elastic soon he gains his feet,
And seeks the room where boon companions meet.
Ah, lucky hour ! see all prepared to dine ;
How smoke the tempting haunch and famed sirloin.
See all alert th' observant waiters ply,
Mark every nod and watch the asking eye.
The cloth removed—begins the festive time,
But little known to those who deal in rhyme.
Some drain the bowl, some con the daily news,
While jest, and catch, and jocund curse amuse.
The grateful pipe imparts its soothing power,
And plumes, with silken wing, the passing hour,
Each gives his favourite toast, while all combine
To drown the wizard Care in floods of wine.
Now all is boisterous joy and wild uproar,
And broken pipes and glasses strew the floor.
While sleep's soft pressure seals his maudlin eyes,
'Mid the mad scene some witless stripling lies,
Till some assail his feet and some his head,
And, smiling, bear the hopeful youth to bed.

Survey, my muse, the modern farmer's home,
How changed by fashion the once rustic dome.

The parlour enter—see the new-laid floor,
With gay-wrought Turkey carpet covered o'er !
The elbow-chair, by rustic artist made,
What time blithe Charles the British sceptre swayed,

THE MARKET TOWN.

Famed for rude carvings, has been long displaced
And banished from the realms of modern taste.

Lo ! now the costly sofa decks the scene,
Pianoforte—card-table—Indian screen,
All that inflates th' aspiring mind is found,
And pride has not one lofty wish uncrowned.

Ere by Refinement's influence swept away,
Upon the parlour shelf the Bible lay,
A favourite book, on whose blank leaf appeared
Full many a name by kindred ties endeared ;
That favourite book, in seasons dark and drear
Which blasted every hope, had power to cheer ;
Or if grim Want approached, it could display
A treasure time nor chance could snatch away.
Instead of which the play-book and romance
Are seen, with novels from licentious France.
The Stripling gay, and Miss of tender age,
Delighted, pore upon the noxious page.
'Tis nothing strange, if, from a source like this,
A stream should flow to taint domestic bliss—
If driven at length from fair Discretion's shore,
Poor shipwrecked Virtue sinks to rise no more.

But where 's the mastiff that was wont to guard,
With more than human vigilance, the yard,
Whose growl terrific could the thief affright,
That wolf, which prowls the spectred scene of night?

THE MARKET TOWN.

Poor Keeper's hung ! some brute of nobler race,
And rarer pedigree now fills his place.
See the trained pointer and the greyhound fleet
With sportive circles the young farmer greet,
When, armed, with gun a-field he bends his way,
Where pheasant, hare, and partridge drop his prey.

In days of yore, in garb of russet brown,
The Ancient Farmer sought the market town,
In those old times 't were deemed superfluous pride.
To take e'en Dobbin from the plough to ride.
Patient, he trudged on foot full many a mile,
Peace in his breast, and on his face a smile :
The tap-room gained, he oped his homely cheer,
Ate his hard cake, and drank his horn of beer.
Business dispatched, he homeward sped to sup,
And morning saw him ere the lark was up.

But now, while Fashion sports her gilded train,
And modish taste and modern manners reign,
The peasant looks around and heaves a sigh,
And from refinement turns his aching eye.
No more when Winter frowns may he retire
To eat his crust beside the kitchen fire ;
No more the good old dame, " who nothing loth,"
Warms his cold stomach with her savoury broth.
Nor the kind master, with benignant smile,
Cheers with brown ale the drooping sons of toil.

THE MARKET TOWN.

Alas ! he's gone—another him succeeds,
Who bears his name—a stranger to his deeds.
The sons of toil the hateful change review,
Extol old times and execrate the new.

Yes, times are changed since Plenty, buxom queen,
Presided o'er the poor man's humble scene ;
Her grateful influence nerved the hind's strong arm,
And gave to Labour's cheek a rosy charm.
Oft as declining Sol his chariot rolled
Down the far west o'er bright ethereal gold,
And thought-engend'ring Eve, in mantle grey,
Dropped her dark curtain o'er the scenes of day,
The wearied labourer left his flail or spade,
And hummed his carol as he crossed the glade,
To gain his home,—sweet solace of his toil !
Where fond affection beamed her loveliest smile,
There—waiting his approach—his babes would run,
Grasp his hard hand, and hail his wished return,
Dance round their wearied sire with antics gay,
And tell the little history of the day.

Meanwhile, the sharer of his joys and cares
With anxious love the frugal meal prepares—
That frugal meal a relish does bestow,
Which pampered appetites can never know,
And sounder slumbers his hard pallet crown,
Than Grandeur's minions find on beds of down.

THE MARKET TOWN.

Yes ! sweet his hour of rest—what happy dreams
Of walks through painted meads, by purling streams ;
Few cares could then through Fancy's regions creep,
And with ungrateful visions "murder sleep."
Roused by the cock what time the hand of morn,
Hung with pellucid pearls the bending thorn,
He left his humble couch and lowly shed,
Blithe as the lark that caroled o'er his head.

Fair scenes of rustic comfort, vanished long,
Appear once more—return and prompt my song !
O, would your smile the rural muse inspire,
With notes of gladness should resound my lyre !
Vain, fruitless wish ; behold the peasant now,
Sour discontent sits louring on his brow ;
By constant labour worn, his pallid face
Has lost the florid tint, the healthful grace ;
Content from his dull drear abode long flown,
He steals through life unpitied and unknown ;
Till Fate's stern mandate claims his feeble breath,
And shrowds its victim in the dust of death.

But some there are, though abject and forlorn,
Who tread life's vale the objects of proud scorn.
The son of fashion, as he flutters by,
Regards them with a supercilious eye,
Yet to these humble slighted ones 't is given
To enjoy the smiles of an approving Heaven.

THE MARKET TOWN.

Though want afflicts, and sorrow glooms the scene,
Mild Hope, sweet cherub, sheds a soft serene ;
Fair peace is theirs while doomed to sojourn here,
And bliss perpetual in a brighter sphere.
Arise, my Muse, on active pinions soar,
Thy long-known haunts and wood-paths wild explore ;
Paint the low cot that spots the village green,
And sketch the actors of the humble scene.
As the blithe artist of the "waxen tower"
Plies the light wing in Summer's golden hour,
So mayst thou, like that thrifty vagrant, roam,
And bring, like her, some useful treasure home.

Near where yon Toll-Bar strides the public way,
And stops the unwilling passenger to pay,
Who draws with tardy hand the canvas purse,
And pays the fee with many a useless curse,—
A cot appears, on which, from age to age,
Loud wintry hurricanes have poured their rage ;
Upon whose front, in Spring's prolific hours,
The woodbine hangs her odoriferous flowers,
Loads with its honied balm the passing gale,
And scents with luscious sweets the neighbouring vale.
Alas ! the hands that reared the plant are cold,
And lie inactive in yon hallowed mould.
Long has that bosom lost its vital heat,
And palpitating heart forgot to beat ;

THE MARKET TOWN.

That heart, no more by tyrant love oppressed,
Rests where Affection's martyrs are at rest.
Yes! where yon lofty fane, with stately mien
And solemn port, o'er looks the sacred scene,
Beneath a mound, o'er which no cherub weeps,
Adorned with daisy blossoms, Robert sleeps;
Freed from the dire effects of female scorn,
He waits the audit of a judgment morn.

Votaries of Joy! if near his tomb ye stray,
With vacant minds, to trifle time away,
O think! though Love's trim vessel rides the gale,
And laughing Cupids fan each quivering sail,
Though halcyons hovering near their pinions lave,
Or rest on the soft bosom of the wave,—
Ere long, with horror winged, a storm may blow,
And whelm it in the fatal gulf below.

Votaries of Joy! suspend your gay career,
Indulge a pause, and gather wisdom here;
That sacred plant, by Folly's sons despised,
Loved by the meekly good and humbly wise,
In Sorrow's sombre vale delights to bloom,
But most affects the precincts of the tomb.
O pause! and should some trifler claim thy smile,
Resist the charm, and tarry here awhile!
Ah, bid Indulgence her soft hour forego,
And wisely profit by a brother's woe.

THE MARKET TOWN.

And may a happier influence from above
Preserve you from the ills of slighted love !

Robert, farewell ! The Muse that sings thy fate
Heard thy pale lips the wrongs of love relate ;
Beheld thy face grow wan, thy health decay,
Saw thy poor wasted form entombed in clay,
And dropped the tear that feeling loves to shed
When Youth—sweet Spring flower !—withers with
the dead.

She bids adieu, and hastens to explore
Those haunts recluse which hide the unnoticed
poor.

Up yon green lane, where hips of scarlet dye
And bramble-berries lure the school-boy's eye,
And prompt his truant steps, a cottage stands,
Reared by a needy peasant's active hands.
Through papered panes the golden eye of day
Darts o'er the Mud-walled Hut a feeble ray ;
Gilds with faint beam the rafters smoke-embrowned,
And cobwebs vile which cling adhesive round.
Draw the rude pin that bolts the crazy gate,
Survey the scene, and mark the peasant's fate !
Enter in Winter's dread tempestuous hour,
When the cleft walls admit the feathery shower,
And savage Boreas, with obstreperous roar,
Rocks the low roof, and thunders at the door.

THE MARKET TOWN.

Enter, and if mild Pity's gentle tear
Adown thy cheek pursue its moist career,
Wipe from thine eye the pearly drop, and see,
In living traits, domestic misery !
View on the hearth the remnants of a fire,
Sprays of green sloe-thorn, and the prickly brier,
Round the faint blaze reclines a squalid race,
Thy signet, Want, impressed on every face.
Fled is each rosy charm ; no transports rise
To paint their cheeks, or light their languid eyes ;
And hushed the carol that was wont to cheer
Their infant minds in seasons less severe.
They cannot now, as erst, when Spring's soft gale
Waved its mild pinion o'er yon primrose vale,
In gleeful spirits, leave their dreary home
Through Nature's green magnificence to roam.
No violet-bank, nor blackbird's snug retreat,
Attracts their eyes, or tempts their active feet ;
Those feet, by chilblains swollen, and many a bruise,
Alas ! scarce know the luxury of shoes.

Yet here, even here, the Robin loves to come,
And, boldly social, pecks the fallen crumb ;
Till, cheered by genial warmth, the welcome guest
Tunes his faint lay, and plumes his rosy breast.
The ragged clan caress their featherd friend,
Supply with food, from enemies defend ;

THE MARKET TOWN.

Nay, should vile puss but mark him for her prey,
Swift fate awaits—her forfeit head must pay.

The wretched master of this cheerless cell,
In quest of fuel, seeks the woody dell ;
Reckless, through snow-storm rough, behold him rush
To lop some pollard, or despoil some bush !
His is no common fate ; here scarce a ray
From sunny Hope e'er shoots across his way.
Where can her bright illusions entrance find
To cheer the dull, cold winter of his mind ?
O that with him the Muse would deign to dwell,
And teach his hand to sweep an humble shell ;
To sacred measures bid its numbers flow,
And soothe with heavenly charm the sense of woe !
See the lorn partner of this cottage man
Hung round with rags, disconsolate and wan.
O'er her sunk visage mark the kindling flame,
'T is not the blush of guilt, nor glow of shame,
But such as tinge the cheek of deep distress,
When strangers come to view its wretchedness !

This is no scene, by Fiction's art displayed,
While Fancy lent her prompt creative aid,
Though rude the outlines, faint the tints appear,
Too accurate the sketch presented here !

Is there no Parish House, whose ample door,
On sullen hinge, invites the starving poor ?

THE MARKET TOWN.

Yes, there's a "pauper palace" spacious dome !
Where pining wretches find a dreary home.
Tired of the world's proud frown, and stern reproof,
Life's weary pilgrim seeks its sheltering roof ;
Endures a few short moons the scene of gloom,
Then steals unwept, unfriended, to the tomb !

'T is there alone pale Want her head can hide.
What keeps the poor man back ? An honest pride ?
Yes, he is proud of freedom, scorns control !
No parish minion awes his free-born soul.
How could he love the man ordained to deal
With parsimonious hand his stinted meal ?
Or tolerate the loon who would chastise,
For venial faults, his babes before his eyes ;
And, should paternal anguish swell to rage,
Would cool its fervour in the village cage ?

Pale son of Want ! dejected as thou art,
A principle I love inspires thy heart ;
'T is that which fills stern tyrants with alarm,
And nerves with tenfold strength the patriot's arm !
'T is that which, under Heaven, protects our land
Safe from some foreign spoiler's felon hand !

Pale son of Want ! though ne'er, with ray benign,
The star of Plenty o'er thy pathway shine ;
Though Poverty, that meagre phantom, now
Pours its full vial on thy haggard brow,

THE MARKET TOWN.

Yet would thy hopeless mind its pinions spread,
And soar to Heaven, and ask for living bread.
Ask from the Fount, whence sacred waters roll,
The vital stream to slake thy thirsty soul.
Then would the wilderness fair views disclose,
And every valley blossom as the rose ;
Then joys would bud, and springs of comfort rise,
And this drear waste appear as Paradise !

Within these frowning walls a pauper dwelt,
Who many a year each sad privation felt
That waits on such a scene ; each Summer friend
Forsook him when he saw the storm descend
On his lorn head, and “kingly overseer”
Sent him to seek a sorry pittance here.
Yet here, e’en here, where Hope scarce shows her face,
He found a friend, but not of human race—
A milk-white spaniel, whose attention kind,
Consoled his solitary, wounded mind.
Joyless and slow the various seasons passed,
Till weary, lingering life ebbed out at last.
No tear was shed ; the sexton tolled his knell,
And the glad parish delved his earthly cell.
Yet there was one who knew not how to part,
That mourned his master’s death with feeling heart ;
For oft, as Morning oped her dewy eye,
The ploughboy saw him, as he whistled by

THE MARKET TOWN.

Yon solemn graveyard scene, surprised to find
A milk-white spaniel on a grave reclined.
Yes, many a night Affection's faithful slave
Held watchful vigils o'er a master's grave !

Would man, proud son of reason, condescend
To take a lesson from this poor man's friend,
Here might his mental eye exult to see
A noble pattern of fidelity !
And here—but soft, why moralize so long,
Whilst other subjects claim descriptive song ?

Where yonder orchard, filled with fruitful trees,
Spreads its green bosom to the southern breeze,
Once stood the Hamlet Alehouse—social spot !
Where Labour's wearied sons their toil forgot,
And where Old Crispin's votaries, day by day,
Would talk, and drink, and game their hours away ;
Heedless of wife's reproach, or child's fond plaint,
They poured libations to their favourite saint.
Thought, boding thought, that haunts the breast of care,
Shook to the winds, could find no shelter there.

With business satiate, tired of nuptial strife,
And all the dull anxieties of life,—
Hither the tradesman hied what time mild Ev'n
Hung her brown drapery round the vault of heaven :
There he was wont his jaded mind t' amuse
With private scandal, or with public news ;

THE MARKET TOWN.

'Mid clouds of smoke would join in fierce debate,
To praise or blame the rulers of the State.
Blest pipe ! thou canst impart a sapient grace,
And give importance to the vacant face ;
Canst soothe, with opiate balm, the wounded breast,
And lull the troubled surge of thought to rest !

Here lively Abraham lived—a jollier soul
Ne'er quaffed a glass, or drained a rosy bowl,
Whose portly form, inclined to corpulence,
Spoke his attachment to the joys of sense.
His eyes dark grey ; and nose, of Roman shape,
Could boast a dye more deep than purple grape ;
And his glib tongue could tell the merry tale,
Crack the blithe joke, and sing the joys of ale.
Whate'er the subject, he was seldom mute ;
On points of faith could fluently dispute ;
And, with stanch Methodists, in solemn stave,
Would sing of bliss in worlds beyond the grave !

His, too, the soft insinuating art
To stay his guests preparing to depart ;
With smile benign would hint he had forgot
To be—what custom sanctions—his full pot.
With winning air, he bade them keep their seat,
Trimmed the low fire, and broiled the savoury treat :
The generous deed is praised, the mantling glass
From lip to lip in quick succession pass,

THE MARKET TOWN.

Till every heart beats high with festive glee,
And all is jest, and song, and revelry :
Unheeded then, amid the social fun,
The thrifty host would score up *two for one !*

Fled are those scenes ; life's checkered term is past,
And subtle Abraham long has scored his last ;
Long has the house, so famed for home-brewed ale,
Been swept away by Time's destructive gale ;
The well-known sign, which creaking hung on high
To catch the thirsty traveller's anxious eye,
Hath long been down, and jocund Boniface
Sleeps with his gay compeers in yonder resting-place !

How changed the scene ! loud bursts of drunken joy
No more the sober passengers annoy.
Hushed is the long, loud laugh ; the midnight song
Echoes no more these dreary shades among ;
And those who revel o'er their darling ale
Must seek their ruin in some merrier vale.
Mark the lorn garden, and its ruined bower,
Where friendly converse winged the summer hour,
And Strephon, seated by his Rosalind,
Poured, in soft phrase, the raptures of his mind.
No more, as erst, the lover and his fair,
On Sunday eve, to this green haunt repair,
The sprightly Sabbath-breaking group to join,
To drink cool syllabub, or costlier wine.

THE MARKET TOWN.

The painted seats are gone ; no cultor's hand
Bids the wild tendril twine, the bud expand ;
Untrimmed the wanton woodbine flaunts around,
And the sweet jasmine creeps along the ground.

O'er this drear spot, as strays the village sage,
Versed in the manners of a former age,
Methinks I hear the moralist exclaim,
"This was the site of many a rural game,
Here was the noisy skittle ground, and there
The quoit was thrown along the ambient air.
Within a close-wedged ring, on that grass-plot,
The victor wrestler mounted up his hat ;
And the rough boxer stood elate with pride,
And every hero of the vale defied.

Yon sapless trunk, of fruit and foliage bare,
Each bounteous Autumn bore the luscious pear ;
Not fair Pomona, nymph of sylvan line,
Though Queen of Orchards, boasts of aught more fine.
One Autumn eve—sad memory paints the time,
'Twas in wild boyhood's mischief-loving prime—
Here, as I ranged alone, my roving eye
Beheld the brown temptation nod on high ;
To evil swift, I climbed the tree in haste,
And with its fruitage gratified my taste.
But short 's the joy that springs from wicked act !
The landlord came, and caught me in the fact :

THE MARKET TOWN.

He asked not Justice for her slow process,
But with a horse-whip sought a quick redress.
I writhed with anguish on that daisied spot,
And learned a lesson which I ne'er forgot.
My back, with glowing characters impressed,
Produced conviction in my wayward breast;
And from that dread, that long-remembered night,
I've never trespassed on my neighbour's right.
Oft, too, when Winter gloomed the rural scene,
Vast crowds assembled on yon verdant green;
Tall lusty swains, with youthful vigour full,
Came, with their dogs, to bait the lordly bull.
I was an actor there—with accent loud,
My voice resounded through the savage crowd;
With brutal joy I heard the sufferer roar,
And saw, exulting saw, the streaming gore.
At length, Reflection came, with frowning port,
And warned me to forsake the cruel sport.
Pastimes like these, by human laws passed by,
As Cowper sings, are 'registered on high'
At Heaven's dread bar, where all, or soon or late,
Must stand submissive, and await their fate.
Such vicious deeds, uncivilized and rude,
So tinged with guilt, so big with turpitude,
But for the aid of penitence and prayer,
Would sink each perpetrator to despair!"

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.



Greatness — Pugh — Havers — Colodio — Pettio — Address to
Temperance — Humphrys — Clodio — Chatterton — Burns —
Village School — Schoolmaster — Thomas — Persecution —
Murdered Quaker — Religious Liberty.

BOOK II.



“How few the simple path of duty tread,
And steadfast keep the Heaven-directed way.”

MRS. CARTER.

WHEN titled Greatness ends its bright career,
It claims the tribute of a nation's tear;
The mausoleum rises, and tall bust
Points where is laid “right honourable” dust;
And bards—the favourites of poetic fame—
Attempt t' immortalize a mortal name.

And shall the cottage-man, of lowly birth,
Pass, like a summer cloud, to silent earth?
Shall the cold grave his humble bones inharse
Without the meed of one recording verse?
The task be mine, to pluck from the dark tomb
The virtuous character, and bid it bloom:
Here let it bud, expand, and blossom fair,
And shower its fragrance on my native air.

THE MARKET TOWN.

Yet the loved Muse, amid her studious hours,
Perchance may cull some weeds as well as flowers,
Should she essay, with feeble art, to scan
The various follies of the bold bad man.
May the memento, like a beacon light,
Conduct, through error's gloom, the wanderer right.

When of departed days I take review,
Fond recollection sometimes points at Pugh—
A man whose specious arts were wont to draw
The unsuspecting in the toils of law ;
Whose talents might have earned an honest fame,
And left behind an honourable name.

While through this vale he urged his fell career,
The dove of concord could not nestle here.
He filled the rustic neighbourhood with strife,
And reigned a tyrant in domestic life :
The faithful partner of his bed, whom Heaven,
To smoothe the rugged scene of care, had given,
With trembling awe obeyed his stern commands,
And felt the vengeance of his ruffian hands.

Tired of the rigid discipline of home,
His son—his only son—was wont to roam ;
Oft bid a mother's tender care adieu,
And roved a vagrant with the gipsy crew ;
Or from thy stripes, parental bondage, free,
Ate the brown crust of peasant charity.

THE MARKET TOWN.

Long has this village scourge and legal pest,
With those he troubled, known the grave's dull rest :
In Death's dark hall forensic warrings cease,
And plaintiff and defendant are at peace.
Yes : he is dead ! and scarcely left a trace
That here he ran his ignominious race :
The hapless victims of his ruthless hate
Long ere I write have bowed to sovereign fate ;
And no historic pen records the tale
That once he reigned the Troubler of the vale.

Yes, he is dead ! the Muse, indignant, cries,
And passed the solemn audit of the skies—
Stood where no subterfuge can e'er avail,
And all chicanery must surely fail :
How vain his specious pleas—but soft, forbear !
'Tis not for thee to take the Censor's chair,
And judgment deal. Perchance Almighty power
Might tender mercy at his final hour.

I bid this graceless character adieu,
And turn where Havers' meets my gladdened view—
Whose portrait hangs before me. What mild grace
Sheds a soft radiance o'er his angel face !
That angel face—true index of a mind
Which breathed a pure goodwill to all mankind.

He lived in troublous times, when pious worth
Was deemed the nuisance and the curse of earth :

THE MARKET TOWN.

Oft Persecution and her harpy train
Sought to ensnare him—but they sought in vain.
How futile all their arts! no gaoler grim
Oped the huge door to find a cell for him.
Blest lot! th' indulgent care of Heaven to prove,
Wrapt in a mantle of Almighty love.

With fervent zeal he preached the sacred word,
Bore with clean hands "the vessels of the Lord;"
Though from his pulpit driven by laws severe,
He served the altar till his eightieth year;
So pure his conduct, that the eagle eye
Of Malice could not one faint blot espy.
Though Death, stern fiend! commissioned from on high,
Bid the fair spirit seek its native sky;
Though this dread spoiler crush his sacred clay,
And the oblivious grave conceal its prey;
Still, on the tablet of religious fame,
Encircled by a glory, stands his name!
Sad thought! while thus his deeds in memory shine,
No virtuous honours have adorned his line!
How poor in mental wealth, in worth how bare,
The Muse shall by our character declare.

I knew Colodio well; from year to year
I marked the progress of his vain career,
Saw with regret the miry road he trod—
A weak, glad votary of the rosy god!

THE MARKET TOWN.

Though young, I ken'd this errant trifler well,
Heard him his incoherent stories tell;
Filthy and frothy, all evinced a mind
Not far superior to the brutal kind.
The chase he loved, and proved a sportsman keen,
The only Nimrod of our rustie scene;
Intent on this pursuit, he'd leave his bed
Ere Morn's bright star had veiled her brilliant
 head,
Brush the clear drop that gemmed the mountain
 thorn,
And hail with joyous whoop th' empurpling dawn:
If not the fleetest of the joyous route,
None felt more glee, or gave a heartier shout.
 When day declined, Colodio would retire,
With merry toppers, to a pot-house fire;
And there would, in a phrase peculiar, tell
Who nobly cleared the ditch, who leapt and fell.
How subtle Reynard, with each artful wile,
Did of their scent the wandering pack beguile;
And how the felon, every doubling past,
Was by his savage foes destroyed at last.
Cheered by the glass, each memory could supply
Some sporting anecdote of days gone by;
Pleased with the grateful subject, ere they go
They give one loud, one jovial "Tally-ho!"

THE MARKET TOWN.

Thus many a night was spent, and many a day ;
'T was thus he trifled life's long term away.
At length, one eve, when jolly friends were come
To join the festal rites of Harvest Home,
He freely quaffed the inebriating store,
Was carried to his bed—and rose no more !

If this example, in poetic dress,
Should fail to paint the evils of excess,
The Muse might here another tale relate—
How sprightly Pettio² met a hapless fate.
Gay, thoughtless Pettio, in life's florid bloom,
Dropped by intemperance to a timeless tomb !

One eve a gay convivial party met,
Replete with glee to have “a jovial wet ;”
Mirth gave her smile, and wine's electric power
Shed a bright ray on midnight's sable hour ;
Wit sparkled high, the goblet circled round
Till reason and reflection both lay drowned ;
And on the floor th' accomplished Pettio lay,
A humbled lump of animated clay !
Then boon companions urged another sip,
Applied another bumper to his lip,
Ah, fatal application ! Revellers, hear !
Ere Morn's proud orb illumed this nether sphere
His immaterial principle had flown,
And gained a station in a world unknown.

THE MARKET TOWN.

O Temperance, nymph benign ! whose placid mien
Sheds a soft smile o'er every happy scene,
Queen of serene delights ! a fairy train
Of rosy pleasures hails thy gentle reign,
Health owes to thee her cheek of crimson dye,
And Peace the beam that lights her turtle eye.
Best friend of genius ! how thy influence breathes
A greener verdure o'er the poet's wreaths !
While Wealth's proud son, and him of low degree,
Draw their fair list of comforts all from thee.
Five lustres since there lived these shades among.
A Man whose worth transcends the praise of song ;
To whom thy blessings, Temperance ! all were given,
And every other "virtue under heaven."

Blush, muses, blush ! not one of all your train,
When Humphries³ died attuned the plaintive strain,
Though ne'er a fairer spirit soared above,
To give new raptures to the realms of love,
When worth angelic leaves this lower scene,
And mounting heavenward pass yon blue serene,
Earth mourns its loss, while heaven, with loud acclaim,
Hails the blest transfer and inscribes the name
On its bright roll, and bids the cherub throng
Lift with bold swell the gratulating song.

From those blest heights where happy spirits breathe
Ambrosial air, and scorn the goodliest wreath

THE MARKET TOWN.

That human hands can weave—O smile benign,
Thou blest immortal ! e'en on verse like mine,
Which strives, with puny effort, to supply
The meed of fame :—Thy mem'ry ne'er can die,
Thy name shall live when yon bright worlds of fire
Fall from their orbs on nature's funeral pyre.

Could soft Benevolence, whose lambent ray
Sheds mild effulgence o'er thy useful day,
Could every grace that dignifies a mind
Formed to instruct, delight, and bless mankind,
To lure the the wanderer to a path more fair,
And snatch the deathless soul from black despair,—
Could these have lengthened life's protracted date,
Or charmed the ruthless minister of fate,
Humphries had lived, the drooping heart to cheer,
To wipe from Misery's eye the bitter tear,
O'er life's drear path to spread a brightening charm,
And pour in wounded minds famed Gilead's balm.

Blest sainted shade ! the Muse delights to dwell
On all thy deeds of love, and sighs "Farewell !"
Fain would she still the grateful theme prolong,
But other characters demand her song.

Up yonder nook a cottage roofed with thatch,
Whose dangling thong that lifts the wooden latch,
And fractured door, and battered pane declare
That Poverty has sought a refuge there ;

THE MARKET TOWN.

'T was in that hut from nuptial joy apart,
And the sweet bliss that glads the social heart,
Estranged to love's soft spell or friendship's power,
Eccentric Clodio,⁴ passed life's last sad hour.
Genius was his, a cultivated taste,
By every brilliant gem of science graced :
His was the art medicinal, to place
The rose of health on Beauty's faded face,
O'er palid forms a crimson flush to spread,
And bid Disease, pale fury ! hide her head,
From Death's cold grasp the drooping youth to save,
And of its tenant rob th' expecting grave.
But ah ! Intemperance showed her baleful charms
And lured this son of Galen to her arms,
Invited him to quaff the grape's rich blood,
And drown his talents in a rosy flood.
Reckless at length of fortune or of fame,
Or the fair blessings of a spotless name,
In Mirth's mad orgies Youth's sweet prime was past,
Till Want, gaunt phantom ! griped his victim fast ;
Sunk in his own and in the world's esteem,
'Mid rags and filth he closed life's "fev'rish dream."
Was it for this a parent's tender care
Nurtured with anxious love the hopeful heir ?
Was it for this he sent his joy and pride,
Where sedgy Camus rolls his classic tide,

THE MARKET TOWN.

Amid those hallowed groves, by Science led,
To drink long draughts from Learning's fountain-head?
Parental hopes—bright visions—painted fair,
How soon your rainbow tints dissolve in air!
O'er the gay scene stern disappointment lours,
And blasted prospects gloom domestic hours.

Alas! how oft has talent, "angel bright,"
By mad excess been quenched in rayless night?
Though its fair beam may sparkle from afar,
'T is transient oft as Autumn's meteor star.
Ne'er will the muse of Pity cease to sigh,
Where the pale wrecks of luckless genius lie:
Full oft, in tearful mood, the pensive maid
Has laved the turf where hapless Burns is laid;
And pierced at midnight hour the cypress gloom
That shades, neglected Chatterton, thy tomb.

Ill-fated youth! to thee was largely given
That diamond spark! that genuine fire from Heaven;
Thy muse on eagle pinion soared sublime,
And gained a wreath that mocks the blast of time.

Ill-fated youth! O had thy haughty mind,
Which scorned to court the favour of mankind,
Possessed the fortitude life's storm to brave,
Thou hadst not rashly sought a timeless grave.

How useless all the learning of the schools,
Genius how vain, unless Discretion rules!

THE MARKET TOWN.

Unless Resolve, with firm and steadfast eye,
Can every gilded bait of sense defy,
That can of rebel passions brave the shock,
Or chain them, like Prometheus, to a rock !
Alas ! how few th' observant glance can find,
Whose province 't is to mould the youthful mind,
Who, firm of purpose, when gay Pleasure smiles
With siren art, are proof against her wiles !
How few, when Circe waves her magic wand,
Her fascinating witcheries withstand !

There stands the Village School—I went not there ;
My early mind confessed no tutor's care ;
No kind, assiduous pedant's fostering hand
E'er taught my "young idea" to expand,
Or lured my infant genius to explore,
With ardent ken, the mines of classic lore.

Full well I knew its Master, and defined,
Young as I was, the active trifler's mind ;
I marked the air-formed scheme, the baseless plan,
And specious whim of this eccentric man :
Surprised I saw this pedagogue depart
From useful toils to tempt the walks of art,
To range—ah, hopeless, witless choice—with me
The cold, the barren scenes of Poetry.
Yes, he addressed the Muse, and soared sublime
Upon thy feeble wing, prosaic Rhyme !

THE MARKET TOWN.

Where shone bold tropes and flowers of verse full blown,
Such as old Sternhold would have blushed to own.
Ambitious to attain the sister art,
He painted—but performed a humble part ;
No strong expression, no attractive grace,
Nor bright intelligence informed the face.
His pencil sketched—he ne'er, with studious aim,
Improvement sought—content with village fame.
Such fame was his—to please the cottage maid ;
On Valentines fond lovers were portrayed,
Blithe cupids with their bows and fatal darts
Were seen,—with turtle doves, and bleeding hearts ;
He drew the feathered tribe and race canine,
And gave new lustre to a pot-house sign.
Retouched by him our gracious Queen⁵ behold !
Arrayed in crimson robes embossed with gold.
Balloons he also made—they mount—vast crowds
“Pursue the floating wonders to the clouds.”
The silken globes majestically rise,
Mock the keen gaze, and mingle with the skies.
While arts like these amused his thriftless mind,
His pupils left him, and his school declined :
He saw approaching ruin undismayed,
For Bacchus lent his fear-dispelling aid,
Whose soothing potions lulled his cares awhile,
Till dragged by Law's stern sons to “durance vile.”

THE MARKET TOWN.

Hard by the school a cot, whose crannied wall,
And broken roof presage a speedy fall,
✕ Once knew a better tenant—one who moved
With noiseless steps, by earth, by Heaven approved;
A strong original, whose vigorous mind,
And form robust, were both of giant kind:
What though his phrase uncouth, and antique style,
Perchance might kindle up the transient smile,
Yet all his nervous sense were proud to hear,
And gladly listen with unwearied ear.

To scenes of affluence Thomas would repair,
And found at every call a "ready chair."
The long, long tale of other times he told,
Fraught with the customs of the days of old,
And many a character by him portrayed,
Found a short respite from oblivion's shade;
He was—so strong his memory to the last—
The chronicle of near a century past.

No "loads of learned lumber" filled his head;
He read, but well digested what he read.
Averse to clamour and domestic strife,
He loved the harmless gaieties of life;
Enjoyed the sport when on the daisied green,
For white chemise contending nymphs were seen;
In all their rustic glee he freely shared,
And smiled to see the blooming victor chaired.

Thomas Bignow uncle or great uncle to the
Webb. He died at 81 age of 111. He was
buried in Haverhill churchyard.

THE MARKET TOWN.

In youth's sweet prime, when Hope, that fairy power,
Paints in imposing tints the coming hour,
O'er each green prospect sheds her sunny beam,
And bids gay Fancy prompt her golden dream,
In that bright period 't was his fate to prove,
The pangs which wait on disappointed love.
A cottage lass, capricious, fair, and vain,
Repaid his fond attentions with disdain :
At length, when six dull moons in grief were past,
Love's dream dissolved, "his spirit woke at last."
Too proud to brood o'er soft affection's woes
Above his wrongs his mind superior rose ;
No more could female arts his bosom vex,
And through false Mary he renounced the sex.

Safe in the vale, he never wished to climb,
Nor coveted the bright rewards of time ;
Wealth was not his, he scorned her gilded toys,
Heaven gave a relish for sublimer joys ;
And Health, through life's protracted journey, shed
Her rosy honours on his favoured head.
Full oft that sylphid flies the courtly dome,
And seeks the lonely cotter's straw-bound home ;
Gives a fine zest to all his toilsome hours,
And o'er his rural pathway strews her flowers.

Revèred Sage !⁶ 't was thine from early youth,
To tread the narrow way of sacred truth ;

THE MARKET TOWN.

Thy moral worth and pious virtue joined,
To leave a fair example to mankind.
When summoned hence by mandate from on high,
What views ecstatic charmed thy mental eye !
Without one fear thou didst resign thy breath,
And, ripe for future glory, smiled in death.

O when the grizzly king's unerring dart
Assails, with fateful aim, this throbbing heart,
When this poor fabric lies convulsed with pain,
And life's red current stagnates in each vein;
When gathering films obstruct my fading view,
And nature, sinking, sighs a long adieu ;
Like him would I enjoy unruffled peace,
And may my latter end be crowned like his !

On worth so rare the Muse would still delight
To dwell from gairish morn till dewy night ;
But duty calls, the loiterer must away,
More scenes to sketch and portraits to portray.

In olden times, within this scene of rest,
Fell Persecution reared his scorpion crest,
Stalked round and lifted high his iron mace
To crush and extirpate the Quaker race,
A harmless sect that meet to think and pray,
To serve their God as conscience led the way ;
In those illiberal days (too true the tale !),
Two humble Quakers, journeying through the vale,

THE MARKET TOWN.

Were by a mad infuriate mob pursued,
Who with the travellers' blood their hands imbrued ;
Maltreated, stoned, one patient sufferer fell,
Whose blood was on thy head, O Haverhill !⁷

What though no lightning flashed, no thundering
sound
Yon concave shook, nor earthquake cleaved the
ground ;

Heaven was not silent long, for justice woke,
And by an awful dispensation spoke.
Dawkins, the chieftain of this barbarous brood,
Who shed, remorseless shed, a stranger's blood,
Met in life's mid career an awful doom,
And sunk unpitied to a timeless tomb.

A happier era this ! Lo ! Truth's bright ray
Has driven the fogs of Ignorance away ;
Blind bigot Zeal, that tool of lawless power,
And fierce Intolerance have had their hour.

Sectarians now, a kindly law decrees,
May serve their Maker when and where they please,
Can to their humble meeting-house repair,
Nor fear to meet the bold disturber there ;
For lo ! a guardian genius hovers nigh,
With sheltering wing, Religious Liberty.
Long may the goddess at her post remain,
And add fresh lustre to a Brunswick's reign.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

The Muse—Deranged Clergyman—Eccentric Will—Reflections on suffering Humanity—Beggar—Cruel Farmer—Murdered Boy—Ghost—Effects of Superstitious Fear—Against indulging Passion—Henry and Clarissa—A Tale—Epitaph.

BOOK III.



“ Man is a child of sorrow ; and this world
In which we breathe hath cares enough to plague us ;
But he who meditates on others' woes
Shall, in the meditation, lose his own.
Doth your mind struggle with distracting thoughts ?
Do your wits wander ? Are you mad ? Alas !
So was Alemeon ; whilst the world adored
His father as their god. Your eyes are dim :
What then ? the eyes of *Ædipus* were dark—
Totally dark. You mourn a son,—he's dead !
Turn to the tale of *Niobe* for comfort,
And match your loss with hers :
Sum up their miseries, number up their sighs,
And make no more complaint.”

From the Greek.

CUMBERLAND.

ANOTHER song ! and then a long farewell
To all that once informed this rustic shell.
Another song ! and then the harp I love
Must sleep suspended in my filbert grove ;
And the tired Muse, forbid to wake it more,
May sigh aloud, “ My occupation's o'er.”

THE MARKET TOWN.

Sure it were vain if genius such as mine,
Amid these polished days, should hope to shine ;
Or with attempt ambitious strive to climb
Up the proud summit of the mount of Rhyme.

I know 't is vain to waste these useful hours,
E'en round its foot to cull poetic flowers.
Oft have I twined a wild-flower wreath with care,
And cast it on the world to wither there.
But, ere I bid my much-prized lyre "Be still,"
Obsequious Muse ! thy wonted task fulfil,
Till the dire conflicts of thy fellow kind,
Who feel the havoc of a "moon-struck" mind,
Record of ill-starred love a plaintive tale,
And paint the suffering tenants of the vale.

There lived—beyond those proud majestic groves,
Whose green retreats sweet Philomela loves—
A tall dejected man,⁷ whose gait forlorn
Bespoke a victim to misfortune born.
His downcast eyes, which rolled with vacant stare,
Gave the black glance that waits on grim despair ;
His speech, his dress, his gesture all betrayed
The affecting symptoms of a mind decayed.

With him life's morning rose serenely fair,
Bright shone the sun through all the fields of air ;
Joy shed around his path her gladsome beam,
And Hope dispensed her soft illusive dream ;

THE MARKET TOWN.

Health on his form bestowed her rosy shower,
While Science led him through each classic bower.
Time flew : at length his studious term expired,
Young Clerio to a village cure retired,
And lived, by all who knew his worth, approved,
A faithful pastor, by his flock beloved ;
Till Love, whose nod imperial all obey,
Or formed of noble mould, or meaner clay,
Who, 'midst the cotted vales, or courts of kings,
Throws her light dart, and waves her purple wings,—
Till Love, a soft infatuating guest,
Banished mild Peace—white fairy—from his breast.
Alas ! the sacred function could not prove
A shield to fence against the shafts of Love !

For, lo ! a fair, in pride of youthful charms,
Filled his young fluttering breast with soft alarms.
Her dear image ruled without control,
And Beauty's magic spell enchained his soul :
Yet all his fond attentions failed to move
A proud, unfeeling heart that would not love.
A rival youth was viewed with partial eyes,
And the more favoured stripling gained the prize.
'Twas Clerio's wayward fate to join their hands—
Trembling the while—in Hymen's silken bands ;
He gave his sanction to their nuptial bliss,
And bade a long adieu to hope and peace.

THE MARKET TOWN.

Severely struck, he felt the coming storm ;
Conscious he could not long its rites perform,
He left the Church, and sought a distant glen,
And lived unseen, unridiculed by men.

Frenzy like his required no keeper's force,
No galling fetter e'er restrained his course ;
Though clouds of frantic sorrow gloomed his mind,
To bird, to beast, to insect he was kind ;
For hungry robins strewed the wheatened crumb,
And shuddered e'en to crush "the trodden worm."
Nor was he cold to man : though crazed with care,
His heart for him the generous wish could spare ;
But of the tender sex was wont to say,
"They are strange things ; alas ! they 'll have their
way."

Oft, when young Spring, sweet period of delight,
Charmed with her blossomed scenes the wanderer's
sight,

He ranged the dales, with flowery millions gay,
To breathe the aromatic sweets of May ;
Or lay reclined some spreading oak beneath,
And wove for his lorn brow a willow wreath,
Such as, so Shakspeare sings, in days of yore,
Discarded, lass-lorn, slighted lovers wore.

Oft, too, while Midnight swayed this nether globe,
And round green Nature wrapt her ebony robe,

THE MARKET TOWN.

He sought the copse and brier-enwoven dell,
And told his soft complaint to Philomel.
She, charming songstress, musically kind,
Soothed with mellifluous airs his wounded mind,
Till echo, wakened by the melting strain,
Wafted the tuneful woe to many a distant plain.

And when rough Winter, in terrific form,
Loosed from her caves the demons of the storm,
Commissioned o'er the pathless glades to sweep,
Or with wild wing to vex the surgy deep,—
Then would he to his woodland haunts repair,
And talk as to some spirit of the air ;
Serenely heard loud thunders shake the sky,
And saw unmoved the volleyed lightnings fly :
The vivid flash and elemental roll,
Congenial horrors ! cheered his gloomy soul.

Revolving seasons found him still the same,
Poor hapless victim of a hopeless flame,
Till Death's kind angel signed a sweet release,
And bade his troubled spirit rest in peace !

Here, too, full oft another madman^s came,
Eccentric Will, who lives in village fame.
I saw the frenzied vagrant hurry by,
Marked the fierce glance that fired his rolling eye.
I viewed fair Reason's beam to gloom consigned,
And felt the blessing of a healthful mind.

THE MARKET TOWN.

A hopeless wanderer he, for fifty years,
Through this lone wilderness of sighs and tears,
Where on the pilgrim's head rough tempests beat,
And thorns unnumbered wound his wayworn feet !

Estranged to mirth, this maniac danced and sung,
And wit's keen flashes issued from his tongue ;
Strong ale and snuff to him were life's best joys—
His favourite friends a train of shouting boys.
Alas, poor Will ! 't was not for thee to know
Friendship's sweet charm, or Love's ethereal glow ;
'T was not for thee with gentle maid to rove
Through the green maze of Hymen's happy grove ;
Nor were those transports thine, when cherubs dear,
With their fond prattle, feast a father's ear !

Of, when the vernal rosy-footed hours,
Led by fair May, bedropped the vale with flowers,
He'd cull a nosegay, and was wont to take
The many-blossomed bunch to village wake.
Gay crowds with smiles received him, jocund trains
Of rosy milkmaids and of sunburnt swains,
With pleased attention marked his sportive glee,
And wondered at his quick, smart repartee.
His tricks and antic gestures could impart
A glad emotion to the simple heart ;
But to the man of sympathy and sense,
The sight a different feeling would dispense ;

THE MARKET TOWN.

Grieved, he beheld a mind in ruins thrown,
And wept the lot which Heaven might make his own!

Ah! should it please the great all-gracious Power
To take each friend that glads my social hour;
Should the grim phantom, Want, my cot assail,
And turn the ruddy cheek of Plenty pale;
Commissioned from on high, should fell Disease,
Remorseless, on my dearest comforts seize;
Should Death's black ensign, big with funeral gloom,
Wave here, and call my Kitty to the tomb,—
Thus tried, thus stript, O may I be resigned—
But spare, thou dread Supreme! O spare my mind!

What various sufferers crowd the human stage!
Here pale consumptive youth, there feeble age;
Fond parents sorrowing for their offspring dear,
Reft of each branch, like withered trunks appear;
Lorn widows, clad in sable vestments, mourn,
And orphans dew with tears a father's urn.
Victims of dire mishap, or mad excess,
Clad in the tattered livery of distress,
Pour in each passing ear their plaintive tale,
And with their presence sadden every vale!

Behold yon Mendicant, whose haggard form
Shrinks from the peltings of misfortune's storm,
Whose visage pale, sunk cheek, and anxious eye,
Tell a sad tale of want and misery.

THE MARKET TOWN.

Such speaking traits proclaim the child of need,
And pleads beyond what eloquence could plead!

See on his withered arm a basket's hung,
With sordid fragments filled, while on his tongue
The wail of sorrow lingers ; Pity here
Might pause, and shed her ever-ready tear,
And that kind matron, Charity, expand
Her feeling heart, and ope her liberal hand.

I knew his better day and happier lot,
When comfort beamed around his rural cot—
A little farm—within a primrose glade,
Calm spot! for rustic life and manners made.
Ah! that a vale so green, a site so fair,
Should harbour for one hour the felon Care ;
Or that Misfortune, with her Gorgon mien,
Should blast the beauties of so sweet a scene !

Here this industrious farmer tilled the soil,
And Providence bestowed a bounteous smile :
Each Autumn saw his barns with plenty stored,
And found another prattler at his board.
The hour of trial came—the Muse might tell
What dire mishaps this fateful man befell ;
What cattle died by accident severe,
How mildews blackened o'er the ripening ear ;
Or how his landlord, stern, unpitying saw
His loss, and sent the harpies of the law,

THE MARKET TOWN.

Who swept the scene, and this poor cripple hurled
Upon a churlish, cold, inclement world !

Well sung the bard whose solemn strains disclose
The maxim, "Rare are solitary woes!"

And this lorn rustic felt, and still can feel,
"They love a train, they tread each other's heel."

Thou abject son of sorrow ! fare thee well !
That man was made to mourn, thy fate can tell.
Full oft he roves through Error's devious maze,
Till want becloud, or anguish gloom his days ;
Lo ! grim Oppression strikes with iron fist,
And adds another wretch to Woe's long list ;
While palsied Age, enrapt in Nature's gloom,
Bears its grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb.
From objects such as these I turn to sketch
The history of a sanguinary wretch.

There lived, two centuries since, hard by yon dell,
As old traditionary stories tell,
A man of stern deportment, brow austere,
Unfriendly temper, rigidly severe ;
Scarce o'er his face one smile, with sunny ray,
Brightening each feature, e'er was seen to play ;
Or if perchance a gleam illumed his form,
'Twas like the flash that gilds the midnight storm.
His callous breast no soft emotions felt,
For there the gentle virtues never dwelt ;

THE MARKET TOWN.

But furious passions, which engender strife,
Banished the turtle Peace, and shipwrecked life !

The mind humane would fain the task forego,
And shudders at a horrid theme of woe.
Far more congenial to the muse I love,
To paint gay field, clear spring, and shady grove ;
But truth commands ; I must record a tale,
Which oft has made my infant cheek turn pale,
What time the Christmas circle, fair and gay,
With goblin story sped the Winter eve away.

This rough, ferocious man, so void of grace,
Lived in a spacious farm long called "The Place."
A menial train obeyed his harsh commands,
Or felt the rude correction of his hands ;
Among the group an orphan youth was found,
A parish lad, who trembled whilst he frowned.
Well might he tremble—on one fatal day,
When frenzied passion bore despotic sway,
His cruel master gave the direful blow
Which broke life's string, and laid the stripling low.
'Twas thus he perpetrated the vile deed,
Then dragged the body to a harmless steed,
And laid it at its heels, and by this plan,
The savage ruffian 'scaped the laws of man."

The Coroner appeared : with formal grace,
He put some questions suited to the case ;

THE MARKET TOWN.

The jury viewed the form bereaved of breath,
And gave their verdict, "Accidental death."
Then spoke the pausing knell, the sexton's spade
Delved a dank bed, beneath a yew-tree's shade ;
And relatives assembled o'er his bier,
Dropped at his early fate no common tear !

But though his corse by priestly rites was blessed,
Still his perturbed spirit found no rest ;
At Night's dark hour was seen to sweep along,
Then stop, as listening to the grey owl's song,
Beside the hawthorn dell would slowly move
Towards the green covert of a favourite grove :
Still to loved haunts the disembodied mind
Clings fast, and casts a "lingering look behind ;"
Upon a bridge which erst yon streamlet spanned,
The gloomy shade was wont to take its stand,
What time the star that gilds the evening sky
Oped on the raptured gaze her diamond eye.

The restless sprite, amid the blaze of day,
Would dart athwart the blood-stained miscreant's way ;
At home, abroad, whatever course he bent,
Appeared at every turn the gastly visitant.
When Somnus waved his hand, and wakeful grief
In gentle slumbers found a short relief,
He seldom slept, for groanings loud and deep
Would frighten from his couch "the curtained sleep."

THE MARKET TOWN.

Duly at night, what time the sable power
Of wizard darkness held his witching hour,
The spectre came, in winding-sheet arrayed,
And, with pale hand, its gory locks displayed ;
Rays of blue light illumed the midnight gloom,
Red coruscations danced around the room ;
Terrific pacings shook the oaken floor,
Jarred every chair, and oped the bolted door,
Till, warned by early cock, or morning bell,
With one loud rap the spirit bade farewell.

Fear blanched each cheek throughout the rural vale,
When busy rumour spread the goblin tale ;
No more at day's mild close, sweet hour of rest !
Thrice happy hour, by Love's fond votaries blessed,
The faithful stripling and his favourite maid
Met by appointment in yon haunted shade.
Thither the school-boy durst not rove in quest
Of early cowslip, or the throstle's nest ;
The hedger, passing near the spectred wood,
Shunned the dread stile where oft the phantom stood ;
And the rough shepherd, when he penned his fold,
Felt his hair bristle, and his blood run cold ;
Till doctors sage—as village dames attest—
Read the strong charm, and laid the troublous guest.

O ye, who the dread checks of Conscience fear,
Humanity's benignant laws revere !

THE MARKET TOWN.

If you would shun Remorse, and her dire train,
Of hydra-forms, wild passion's rage restrain,
Lest your light skiffs by furious gusts be driven
Far from the happy points of Hope and Heaven,
To founder in the whirlpool of Despair !
Alas ! what countless thousands perish there !
Yet there are some who sink Misfortune's prey,
Who fall beneath a milder passion's sway—
There are whom Love's soft rapturous influence binds,
And holds supreme dominion o'er their minds ;
Of such the Muse shall one sad tale relate,
Whose constancy deserved a kindlier fate.

Where Stour meandering winds his silver way
Through woody glens and vales, with wild flowers gay,
A dwelling peers amid the flowery waste—
A rustic fabric much by Time defaced,
Along whose storm-proof front luxurious twine
The curling tendrils of a mantling vine ;
Whose luscious grapes, embrowned by solar rays,
Attract the cottage youngster's wishful gaze.
There dwelt Eyander, affable and kind,
Not Albion's isle could boast a gentler mind ;
He ploughed paternal fields with sinewy arm,
And reaped the harvest of his little farm.
Fond of his lot, he never wished to roam,
Enjoyed his toils, and prized his happy home.

A farmer, named Liggs—lived probably
at West Wootton, adjoining parish
to Haveshill.

THE MARKET TOWN.

To charm each sullen care that waits on life,
Heaven gave a social blessing in a wife,
And a fair daughter's duteous, graceful mien
Gave a sweet interest to the nuptial scene.

Henry, a youth who moved in higher sphere,
For fair Clarissa felt a flame sincere;
A new sensation thrilled through every vein,
A painful pleasure—no unpleasing pain.
Ye who have known, in youth's impassioned hour,
The sweet enchantment, the strong magic power
Which binds the heart that loves,—can well attest
What soft confusion reigned in Henry's breast!

He urged his suit—in loved Clarissa's ear
Was poured the artless tale of love sincere :
With fluttering bosom and averted eye,
She heard the plaint, but knew not to reply.
O'er her fair cheeks consenting blushes rise,
As deep as those which paint the morning skies.
Sweet hours ! when gentle Love illumines the scene,
Each breeze blows fragrance, and each sky's serene ;
Then milder graces Eve's brown front adorn,
And brighter glories gild the brow of Morn ;
The brook runs clearer, prouder nods the grove,
Viewed by the enchanted eye of faithful Love!

Full oft, when Evening, clad in mantle grey,
Let fall her curtain o'er the glare of day,

Henry was the son of ¹²² Rev Thomas Milway
who was pastor of the Church worshipping in
the old meeting at Haverhill; but he left the
dissenters & attended at the parish church the
remainder of his days. He married the

THE MARKET TOWN.

Forth walked the lovers to the embowering shade,
Field-flower-enamelled, hawthorn-blossomed glade
Heard the soft wood-dove's coo the groves among,
The blackbird's carol, and the linnet's song.
Moments of heart-felt bliss ! as swift as fair,
Swift as a meteor shoots through fields of air—
As transient as the drop that dewes the rose,
When orient skies their brilliant beams disclose !

One luckless eve, as hastening to the grove,
In evil hour they met that foe to love—
His antique maiden aunt—officious sprite !
To mar fond lovers' hopes her sole delight.
From youth's gay prime by disappointment soured,
Scorned by proud man, and by the spleen devoured,
Nor pungent snuff, nor lap-dog, though caressed,
Could fill the aching void that pained her breast.
Her whispered hint and mischief-making tale
Spread fierce detraction through the tranquil vale ;
Full oft defamed the bliss she could not prove,
And drugged with poisonous gall the bowl of love.
At her approach the lover stood aghast,
Conscious that each bright hour of joy was past :
Too well he knew a father's listening ear
Would drink the tale his pride abhorred to hear ;
For birth and fortune long, without control,
Had reigned the master passions of his soul.

sister of Mr. Howard¹²³ who was lord of
the manor of Haverhill, & who resided
at the manor house at Haverhill.
Supposed to be Miss Howard, sister of the above

THE MARKET TOWN.

Prophetic fancy pictured future woe,
And from each eye the tears began to flow.

Ah ! true presage ! his avaricious sire
Exclaimed, " Unthrifty youth ! thou shalt retire
From the fond idol of thy thoughtless heart,
And cross the ocean to yon Indian mart,
Where dwells thy father's friend, whose prudent care
Will guard thy youth from Woman's wily snare:
He 'il point the path to affluence, and explain
To thy untutored mind the arts of gain;
Will show the way that Rumbold found to thrive,
And teach thee how to emulate e'en Clive.
How will it gratify thy honest pride,
When Commerce rolls to thee her golden tide,
When Indian chieftains shall thy presence greet,
And captive beauties languish at thy feet!
Then, foolish, amorous boy ! thou wilt esteem
The past no better than a golden dream ;
Then thou wilt bless that head which could impart
A plan to cure the follies of thy heart."

He spoke : nor wished, nor waited a reply,
Nor marked the trembling tear, the stifled sigh ;
Prompt were his movements, fixed his stern decree,
Unmoved he heard a mother's tender plea,
Her every soft petition scorned to grant—
Ah ! what can melt a heart of adamant !

He lived to a great age. — From the above Mr. Howland, the celebrated amateur artist inherited the estate and manor which is still possessed by his

THE MARKET TOWN.

The tower impregnable, when storms invest,
Shook to its base, must humble its proud crest ;
The stable pyramid that laughs at time,
By earthquakes rent, must bow its head sublime ;
Convulsive shocks the solid rock can part,
But what can soften man's obdurate heart ?

Brief let me be: expostulation vain—
The pensive Henry sought the briny plain ;
The ship unmoored, a fair propitious gale
With soft vibration filled each quivering sail :
Fast as the bark, receding, leaves the shore,
The seamen mount the deck, to view once more
The country which they love—amid the group
Poor Henry stood with mind estranged to hope :
For Hope—enlivening sylph that charms despair,
And lights with smiles the sullen brow of care ;
Who on the future turns the sufferer's eyes,
And paints to-morrow in resplendent dyes,—
Yes, this blest fairy, whose illusions kind
Shed a bright beam across the saddened mind,
Forsook the youth ; and, as she bade farewell,
Winged her swift flight in happier minds to dwell.

Henry, the saddest of the drooping train,
Surveyed the fir-topt hill, the spire-crowned fane,
And, as each sea-mark faded on the view,
He sighed with breaking heart a long adieu.

*descendants (probably his grandson).—
a tablet to the memory of the Rev. Thos
Milway is in Haverhill church. The in-
scription commences with these words—
"Here rest in hope of the glorious resurrection."*

THE MARKET TOWN.

'T was Eve—the King of Day began to lave
His golden tresses in the ocean wave,
O'er the broad deep the streaming radiance rolled,
To fancy's eye, a mass of floating gold.
But ah ! this novel sight no spell possessed
To soothe the grief that rankled in his breast ;
For black Despondency, dread demon, shed
His Stygian influence on his fated head,
Bade his attendant ministers impart
The fatal purpose to his wounded heart.
Despairing thought, by fatal impulse swayed,
Pointed the way to Death's oblivious shade ;
With frenzied eye he kenn'd the inviting wave,
Leapt from the the deck, and found a spacious grave !

Ye feeling bards, whose sympathetic lyres
Breathe the mild strains of pity ! whose soft wires
Respond to Nature's touch, whose numbers flow
In tuneful sorrow and melodious wee—
Yes, you alone, who boast the pleasing art
To paint the warm emotions of the heart,
Can tell what anguish seized the wretched maid,
When to her ear the tidings were conveyed.

Hers was the pang unknown to common grief,
No trickling current brought a prompt relief,
Nor sigh escaped her breast, nor plaintive moan—
She seemed like Niobe transformed to stone.

THE MARKET TOWN.

Convulsions strong her tender frame assailed,
And medicine with its healing potions failed ;
Fate's rigid mandate claimed her feeble breath,
And every fine pulsation ceased in death.

Near yonder village church, a spreading yew
Sheds o'er Clarissa's grave its bitter dew ;
Full oft the turf that clothes her bed of rest
Is by her sorrowing parents' footsteps prest.
Their sighs increase the breeze at Eve's lone hour,
And tear-drops warm bedew the closing flower ;
And, lest the sexton's spade the mound assail,
A stone is placed, which thus records the tale :—

“Here rests in peace within this bed of earth,
A lovely maid, at mask or ball unknown ;
Contentment smiled upon her humble birth,
And every rustie virtue was her own.
Fixed was her heart upon a youth sincere,
And mutual love vouchsafed its influence blest,
Till Disappointment came, with brow austere,
And laid her form beneath this shade to rest.
Seek not, ye fair, her frailties to disclose,
But may her virtues long survive the tomb ;
Here may the hapless maid find sweet repose,
Till Heaven's dread fiat seal her righteous doom.”



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

WRITTEN DURING AN INDISPOSITION.

O LOVELY Health ! I supplicate thine aid !
Come to mine arms, thou ever-blooming maid !
I hourly sigh to view thy lovely face,
And long to clasp thee in a fond embrace !

Dost thou, fair nymph, reside in jasmine bowers,
Reclined upon a couch of fragrant flowers ?
Or dost thou wander near yon thorny dell,
Charmed with the plaints of mournful Philomel ?

I'll search thy favourite walk, the verdant lawn,
Ere the blithe skylark wakes the ruddy morn ;
Hope will assist to bring thy form to view,
Fair as young roses washed in silver dew.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

But, ah ! thou 'rt fled from thence ! the icy gale
Has robbed of rural beauty hill and vale ;
And dark December, moist with drenching rains,
In sullen grandeur stalks the dreary plains.

But Winter will retire, and jocund Spring
Can bring thee, goddess ! on her flowery wing.
O come, fair sylph ! my drooping spirits raise,
And tune my artless lyre to sing thy praise !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ADDRESS TO A BUTTERFLY.

WRITTEN WHILE UNDER A DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS.

GAILY-PAINTED Butterfly,
Thou art happier far than I !
During Summer's golden reign,
Thou canst rove the flowery plain ;
Thou canst pass the sunny hour,
Sipping sweets from every flower.

Nothing can thy bliss destroy,
Save the cruel-minded boy,
Who, a fond desire to please,
Longs thy gilded wings to seize :
Quick thy painted wings expand,
And 'scape the little tyrant's hand.

Rich enamelled Butterfly,
Thou art happier far than I !
No remorse, for deeds amiss,
Clouds the sunshine of thy bliss ;
Conscience never breaks thy rest,
Nor evil thoughts disturb thy breast.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

No hereafter (when thou'rt dead)
Fills the present hour with dread :
When thy transient life is o'er,
Thou shalt sleep to wake no more ;
Gentle slumbers wilt thou have,
In Oblivion's dusky cave.

Yet when this poor vital flame
Leaves this low, dejected frame ;
Then the disembodied mind,
By no earthly clog confined,
Mounts to scenes of joy or woe—
Soars on high, or sinks below !

Since this body soon must die—
Since this spirit soon must fly—
May I make the happy choice,
And attend to Wisdom's voice !
Then, gay Fly ! my song shall be,
“ I am happier far than thee ! ”

THE HAPPY BRIDE.

YE new-married couples attend to my song,
And hear the soft tale I relate ;
Ye gentle young villagers listen awhile,
And mark the sweet bliss of my fate :

Twelve months have flown o'er me on pinions of
down,
Since Corydon made me his wife ;
Since Corydon led me to yonder tall spire,
And blessed my fond bosom for life.

To me his deportment is gentle and kind,
His language breathes nothing but love ;
O did you but hear the soft sentiments flow,
You would think him more kind than the
dove !

We rise with the skylark, and hail the new morn,
Swift glide the white moments along ;
In the ev'ning we walk, by the light of the moon,
To hear the sweet nightingale's song.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

How pleasing to ramble, at close of the day,
Where Nature displays each mild charm ;
But, ah! these delights their attractions would
lose,
If Corydon had not mine arm.

Though small be our cottage, though covered with
straw,
Though frugal and plain be our fare ;
Yet sweet is the relish that crowns the repast,
For Love and Contentment dwell there.

To courts and to cities ye great ones repair,
In search of true happiness rove ;
We have found the rich treasure you never can
find,—
It dwells with Contentment and Love.

ADDRESS TO A SNOW-DROP.

WHY dost thou, silver-vested flower,
While tempests howl and snow-storms lour,
Thus boldly brave stern Winter's power,

And rear thy head !

Why so impatient ? Why not stay
Till zephyrs drive rude blasts sway,
And day's bright orb, with cheering ray,

Warm thy cold bed ?

Why stay not till the primrose pale,
With simple beauty spots the vale ;
Till violets load the passing gale

With luscious balm !

Till moist-eyed April's genial showers
Rouse Flora's train of painted flowers,
And songsters fill the leafy bowers

With music's charm ?

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Fair flower ! thy hardy front defies
The rigour of inclement skies :
The blast of Winter o'er thee flies,
Nor chills thy form :—
Thus Virtue stands, with placid mien,
Whilst whirlwinds desolate the scene ;
And, cheered by Hope, with mind serene
Smiles at the storm !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

L I N E S

Occasioned by the providential Escape of a lovely Infant from
imminent danger of being drowned.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF HIS PARENTS.

OFT has my Muse in plaintive numbers sung,
When Death's keen arrow pierced the fair and young;
Touched the soft lyre, when my Clarissa's heart
Received th' unerring Archer's pointed dart ;
Or tuned the joy I felt, and still can feel,
When sportive Conrade 'scaped the threatening
wheel.

What poignant grief impels the parent's tear,
Robbed of his babe by accident severe :
But, O what bliss, when his fond arm can save
A blooming prattler from an early grave!
Such joy, ye parents kind ! ye knew of late,
When your dear boy was snatched from sudden fate !
When your fond hope, in childhood's rosy bloom,
By Providence was rescued from the tomb !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Excursive Fancy mount, and paint the scene
Where the sweet infant roved the daisied green ;
Thoughtless how soon the dire impending storm
Would mar his sports, and overwhelm his cherub form !
Methinks I see the little trifler stray,
And to the fatal stream direct his way.
Angels of pity ! your soft pinions spread,
And from the incumbent danger shield his head !
Cannot your watchful care prolong his breath ?
Alas ! he sinks to find a watery death !
Haste ! haste ! ye light invisibles of air,
Go and arouse a mother's anxious care !
Infuse into her ear the dire alarm,
And claim th' assistance of a father's arm !—
'T is done ! parental fondness seeks the place,
And tears its darling from Death's cold embrace ;
Bears the pale, lifeless treasure to his door,
Suspended animation to restore.
At length the pulse begins to beat again,
And the warm current bounds through every vein :
The crimson stream to life's red fountain flows,
And the wan cheek with rosy blushes glows !—
How weak the Muse's art, to paint the bliss,
The grateful rapture of a scene like this !
Once more his dear engaging voice to hear—
Sweet prattle, pleasing to a parent's ear !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Once more to see him climb, with heartfelt glee,
That unambitious throne—a father's knee !

Ye tender relatives, for blessings given,
Let your warm gratitude ascend to Heaven !
While many a blossom feels Death's blasting power,
In blushing radiance blooms your favoured flower !
Let what Almighty goodness deigns to spare,
Be kindly nurtured with assiduous care ;
For Providence, by its forbearance, cries,
“ Still keep thy child, and train him for the skies ! ”

And thou, my blooming, sprightly, unknown
friend !

Accept these wishes by a stranger penned.
They come from one who boasts an infant train,
And knows a parent's joy, a parent's pain.
May Heaven on thee its choicest comforts shower,
And gild with bliss the wings of every hour !
May buxom Health illumine thy every day,
And strew with roseate blooms thy future way !
O mayst thou to thy friends a blessing prove,
And soothe declining years with filial love !
And when thy feet life's destined round have trod,
O may thy spirit mount, to dwell with God !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO BROWNE WEBB.

AGED ONE YEAR.

SMILING infant ! blooming boy !
Object of paternal joy !—
Lovely babe ! thy natal day
Prompts my Muse to tune the lay.
Twelve fleet months have winged their flight,
Since thou first beheld the light ;
Since my tongue, with joy sincere,
Hailed thee to my humble sphere ;
And invoked kind Heaven to shed
Blessings on thy tender head.
Bounteous Heaven has heard my prayer—
Thou hast flourished, blossom fair !
Health, that gives the rosy grace,
Paints with rosy tints thy face :

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Pleasure to thy ruby lip
Holds her cup for thee to sip ;
And, thy bosom to adorn,
Plucks her rose that knows no thorn.
Soon, fair babe ! my partial eyes
Shall survey new charms arise ;
Soon thy tongue, with prattle sweet,
Shall a father's name repeat ;
Seated on his humble knee,
Soon thou 'lt lisp the " Busy Bee * ;"
And each eve, with serious air,
Con thy Saviour's pious prayer.
Long may gracious Providence
Spare thy life, sweet innocence !
May a father's fostering arm
Shield thy lovely form from harm ;
Till, O Death ! thy fateful blow,
Lay me in the shades below :
Then, with deep regret, thou 'lt see
Closed those eyes which wept for thee :
Cold that palpitating breast
Which composed thy cares to rest ;
Mute that tongue, which could impart
Wholesome counsel to thy heart.

* One of Watts's hymns for children.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

O'er my tomb may Friendship stray,
Tributary rites to pay !
There may fond Affection's sigh
Load the breeze that whispers by !
There, my boy, with grief sincere,
Drop the tender, filial tear !



"NOTES ON HAVERHILL."

NOTE 1. *Page 9, line 17.*

"Where Chambers lodged. Though not of Gipsy race."

JAMES CHAMBERS, an itinerant poet, who traveled the country, selling books, and occasionally some of his own printed compositions. Sometimes he descended so low as to be a seller of matches. He could read well, and had read much; but could not write. He gained some degree of celebrity by composing acrostics, during the night, as he lay in a barn, hay-loft, or shed; and would procure some kind friend to be his amanuensis the next day. For his performances he sometimes received a crown, half-crown, or sixpence; and frequently, in lieu of money, a meal. He was a person of mild, inoffensive manners, and possessed a mind strongly tinctured with a sense of religion. He left Haverhill about twenty years since, and never returned afterwards.

NOTE 2. *Page 11, line 1.*

"There stands a modest structure, neatly fair."

Haverhill Place.

NOTES ON

NOTE 3. *Page 11, line 22.*

"Were verified in thee, lamented King!"

Mr. King died while on a visit to London, Nov. 30, 1798, aged 46 years.

NOTE 4. *Page 14, line 17.*

"Here dwelt a tall, pale man: a sapient grace."

William, better known by the name of Captain, Ward.

NOTE 5. *Page 17, line 18.*

"And Bartlow Hills a proud memorial rose."

Between Bartlow and Ashdon, about six miles from Haverhill, a signal victory was obtained in 1016, by Canute the Great, over Edmund Ironsides, owing to the perfidious conduct of his brother-in-law Edric; who, when fortune was on the point of declaring for the English king, traitorously forsook his master, and went over, with the body of troops he commanded, to the Danes, and caused a total defeat.—Canute, in memory of this victory, caused four pyramidal hills to be thrown up, and made them monuments of such as were slain in the battle. The correctness of this statement seems evident from this proof: viz., when two of them were dug up and searched into, there were found three stone coffins with abundance of pieces of bone in them; and many chains of iron, like those on horses' bits, &c.—See MOLANT'S *History of Essex*.

NOTE 6. *Page 18, line 18.*

"To view yon pleasure-ground and ancient seat."

The Manor-House.

HAVERHILL.

NOTE 7. *Page 19, line 21.*

"Lo! in yon mead, I mark a 'house of prayer.'"

The Meeting-House.

NOTE 8. *Page 20, lines 5, 6.*

"And may rebuke 'prevail with double sway,
And ye who go to trifle, learn to pray.'"

Goldsmith.

NOTE 9. *Page 20, line 16.*

"A sister's relics claims a brother's tear."

Mrs. Nott, who died Jan. 31, 1799, aged 36 years.

NOTE 10. *Page 21, line 10.*

"The golden treasure. Hid within the ground."

In 1787, about fifty gold coins were found by some labourers, apparently in a mould of blue clay. They are by antiquarians attributed to Boadicea, queen of Prasagatus, king of the Iceni;—a people inhabiting Suffolk, Essex, Cambridgeshire, and the Isle of Ely.—In the new edition of Camden's "*Britannia*," and in Speed's "*History of Britain*," there are several drawings of coins similar to those found. They are considered very valuable, and cannot be less than 1700 years old: one of them is now in the possession of a lady of Haverhill.

NOTE 11. *Page 23, line 21.*

"Sure some fond poet feigned the pleasing tale."

The author feels it incumbent upon him to state that he is

NOTES ON

indebted for some poetical ideas in this and the six following lines to a beautiful tale, of the same description, in Crowe's "Lewesdon Hill."

NOTE 12. *Page 26, line 2.*

"Flies with full speed, and 'dares not look behind.'"

See Blair's "Grave."

NOTE 13. *Page 35, line 13.*

"And thy proud, impious infidel, O France!"

Voltaire.

NOTE 14. *Page 36, line 16.*

"And go where rests a venerable sage."

Mr. Edmund Pomfrett, who died March 1, 1791, aged 68 years.

NOTE 15. *Page 39, line 18.*

"To him who lies forgotten in that urn."

Abraham Goodlad, who was stabbed in an unhappy affray between some persons who had been playing at cricket, and died thirty-two hours after (Aug. 4, 1786). He was a fine blooming young man, aged 23 years.

NOTE 16. *Page 40, line 20.*

"A valiant soldier finds a couch of rest."

John Siggs.

HAVERHILL.

NOTE 17. *Page 41, lines 19, 20.*

"In workhouse drear he 'draws his latest breath,
Where all that 's dreadful paves the way to Death.'"

Crabbe.

NOTE 18. *Page 43, line 10.*

"When Haverhill sunk to raging flames a prey."

About 1665 a dreadful fire broke out at Haverhill, which reduced the Parsonage House, and the major part of the town, to ashes. The fire was communicated to some bush-fagots, which stood at the chancel end of the church; and the heat melting the lead of the window, and the glass dropping out, the flames got an entrance into the church, and consumed all the wood-work—the steeple door excepted, which, standing open, escaped their fury; but the beams of wood on which the bells were hung being burnt, they fell with a tremendous crash.—Lord Allington, of Horseheath Hall, sent for Mr. Lathum, the vicar of Haverhill (while the church was in ruins), to preach before him at Horseheath church. He went, and delivered an extempore sermon from Prov. xi. 25—"The liberal soul shall be made fat;" which so pleased his lordship, that he gave timber enough to repair Haverhill church.

NOTE 19. *Page 43, line 12.*

"Where rests a man who served, yet shunned mankind."

Ambrose Curteen, who died in 1778.

NOTE 20. *Page 46, line 9.*

"William, though no recording marble rise."

William Bigmore, who died Jan. 4, 1781, aged 27 years.

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NOTE 21. *Page 50, line 21.*

"There rests a member of a warlike host."

A Dutch soldier, who came to England, in 1745, with six thousand of his countrymen, to assist in crushing the rebellion in Scotland: being quartered at Haverhill, he sickened and died there.

NOTE 22. *Page 55, line 6.*

"Each string proclaims a haughty tyrant's fall."

This part of the poem was written during the alarm of a French invasion.

NOTE 23. *Page 57, line 1.*

"Still were ye safe, although Colonia's tower."

The ancient name of Colchester. It was besieged, in 1648, by the Parliamentary army, and surrendered after holding out two months.

NOTE 24. *Page 60, line 16.*

"For here the learn'd, th' accomplished Ward was born!"

William Ward. He was born at Haverhill, and preached at Ipswich. Two of his brothers were zealous labourers, ministers of the Gospel.—There is an ancient monument to some of this family in the chancel of Haverhill church.

NOTE 25. *Page 60, last line.*

"Here fervent Scanderett preached the Word of God."

Stephen Scanderett, M.A. of both Universities, and Conduct of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was ejected from Haverhill,

HAVERHILL.

by the Act of Uniformity, in 1662 ; and died Dec. 8, 1706, aged 75 years.—He was a man of eminent learning, and published “An Antidote against Quakerism ;” and “Doctrine and Instructions,” a catechism on many weighty points of divinity.—He had, likewise, two disputations with George Whitehead, and other Quakers.

NOTE 26. *Page 61, line 5.*

“Here, too, lived Cobb, in Mary’s blood-stained days.”

Thomas Cobb was by trade a butcher, and lived at Haverhill. Being a Protestant, he was condemned for his faith, and suffered martyrdom at Thetford, Norfolk, Sept. 1555.

NOTE 27. *Page 61, line 12.*

“Gladly my Muse inscribes a Fairclough’s name.”

Samuel Fairclough, M.A. of Queen’s College, Cambridge, was born at Haverhill, April 29, 1594. He was presented to the living of Kedington, Suffolk, by Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston, and was ejected from thence, by the Bartholomew Act, in 1662 ; and was succeeded by Dr. Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. After his ejection he retired to the habitation of his daughter, and spent the residue of his life in sacred exercises. He died Dec. 14, 1677, aged 84 years.



NOTES ON "THE MARKET TOWN."

NOTE 1. *Page 93, line 20.*

"And turn where Havers meets my gladdened view."

HENRY HAVERS was Rector of Stambourne, Essex, and chaplain to the Earl of Warwick. He was born in the county of Essex, of a very ancient family, which had continued there for several centuries. In 1662 he was ejected from his living for nonconformity. After his ejection he was diligent and courageous in the work of the ministry, and was wonderfully preserved in the most troublesome times. Once during the time of persecution, he hid himself in an old cupboard, before the entrance to which a spider wove his web; his enemies coming to that particular place, and seeing the web, readily concluded that he was not there, and through this circumstance he escaped apprehension, and was afterwards called "The Cobweb Parson." He did not quit the village where he was silenced, nor ever removed his habitation, but continued preaching twice on the Sabbath-day, till he was eighty years of age, and for some time afterwards preached once. He was a substantial divine, of great holiness, and of a most amiable temper, and on whom malice could never fasten a blot.—See *Nonconformist Memorial*.

NOTES ON

NOTE 2. *Page 96, line 10.*

"How sprightly Pettio, in life's florid bloom."

— Pett, Esq., was an eminent attorney: it was at the house of — Coldham Esq., that the melancholy occurrence took place.

NOTE 3. *Page 97, line 16.*

"When Humphries died attuned the plaintive strain."

The Rev. Wm. Humphries was educated at a school at Brompton, and entered himself a student at the Academy of Homerton, in 1778. On leaving this place, he was invited to preach to a small and decayed congregation at Haverhill, where he was ordained, Dec. 10, 1788. Here he was the devoted and exemplary pastor of an increasing congregation.

His pulpit labours were esteemed, and his attention to the families and individuals of his flock was unremitting. But in 1791 he was compelled, through ill-health, to resign his charge, and return to London. In 1792, his health being improved, he accepted the office of the pastor of a congregation at Hammer-smith, which he retained, with the greatest credit to himself and advantage to his flock, till July 10, 1808, when, by the rupture, of a blood-vessel, he was compelled for ever to resign his ministry, and resigned his breath September 28, 1808, in the 46th year of his age. He was interred in Bunhill Fields burial ground, when an excellent address was delivered at the grave, by his friend, the Rev. Wm. Jay, of Bath; what follows is an extract from his address:—"We are all left to bewail our loss. We have lost a protector, a benefactor, an intercessor, an example; the world sustains a loss, religion a loss, and comes in and weeps. I could

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much easier weep with you, than address you. I have lost a friend with whom I took sweet counsel, whose advice guided me, whose approbation animated me, with whom I found a oneness of soul.

"Not long since at the grave of a parent by adoption, I cried, 'My father, my father!' I am now led to exclaim, 'My brother, my brother!' 'I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me!' Oh how our world becomes impoverished! Oh, how our heaven becomes desirable from such hopes as these!

"'Tis needless to enlarge, but my conviction and feelings equally prompt me to remark, that I lay my hand on the mortal remains of one of the most amiable of men, one of the most consistent holy ministers of religion, and no inconsiderable character as to his qualifications or success.—I see you weep—your grief becomes you: your tears are just; and now, go, 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.'"

His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. ROBERT WINTER, at Hammersmith, to a crowded and affected audience, and afterwards printed.—See the Sermon, &c., and "Suffolk Garland."

NOTE 4. *Page 99, line 4.*

"Eccentric Clodio passed life's saddest hour."

Samuel Curteen, M.B., who is designated under the appellation of Clodio, was a native of Haverhill, and the eldest son of a gentleman eminent for his proficiency in the medical profession. He was educated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, where he proceeded to the degree of M.B., in 1723. He practised with considerable success at Haverhill for some years; but a fondness for company, an eccentricity of character, and an unfortunate pro-

NOTES ON

pensity to drinking, by degrees diminished his practice and reduced him to the most abject poverty. After many reverses of fortune, brought upon him by his own imprudence, he sought a refuge in a sordid and miserable shed, "where," as the poet says—

"All that 's dreadful paved the way to death."

While on his death-bed, a screech-owl chose for his nightly perch the chimney of the cottage, and hooted his nocturnal lay. Some persons attempting to drive away the dreary visitant, he said, "Let it alone, 't is company for me." What must be the situation of such a man who could solicit the society of the death-presaging Bird of Night!!! He died, February 28th, 1767.—See "Suffolk Garland," p. 284.

NOTE 5. *Page 17, line 18.*

"Retouched by him, our gracious Queen behold!"

Queen Charlotte.

NOTE 6. *Page 18, line 18.*

"Reverèd Sage! 't was thine from early youth."

The author's great uncle.

NOTE 7. *Page 106, line 4.*

"Whose blood was on thy head, O Haverhill!"

"SUFFERINGS IN HAVERHILL IN THE YEAR 1656.—Upon y^e 4th day of y^e month there cam to y^e house of Anthony Appleby two strangers, who by him were entertained, being not unmindfull of that command, Hebrews y^e 13. These men are

THE MARKET TOWN.

called Quakers, but cam solemnly along y^e town, talking to none further than to ask where ANTHONY APPLEBY dwelt. And after they cam into his house, cam many lewed fellows of the baser sort in great rage, cursing and swearing with many threatening words. After which fell to rattling of stones at the door of his house, and so fast cam y^e stones, that those who were in his house could not go forth, and so they continued till near midnight; and y^e next morning they renewed their rage with great increase of men, swearing that they would have y^e two strangers out of his house, or pull it down, notwithstanding Anthony Appleby told them if any had aught to say to them in moderation his house was free for them; but they urged they had orders to have these men forth from his house, which orders Anthony Appleby refused; but nothing could be gotten but many disorderly words; so seeing their rage increasing, being bent to mischief, if not to murder, and seeing his house was compassed about, durst not go out, but sent to the constables to desire them to do according to their office. So their rage being riz, they ran at his gatt, and break it to pieces, and cam violently into his house, and dragged these two strangers out of his house into the street, and most dreadfully did beat them to the ground, kicking them in a sad manner, dragging them along y^e town, hollowing and stoning them all along to y^e end of y^e town, and this did not the y^e townsmen join to prevent, but did set others on, as hath been largely confessed to. So seeing it was thus, I made my way to one Charles Barnardiston, a justice, who told me because I would not honour him with pulling off my hat, he would do me no justice; but one of these two men being much beaten, in a short time died, whose blood will be charged upon thee, O Haverhill!"—*Extract from the Record Book of the Society of Friends.*

NOTES ON

NOTE 7*. *Page 110, line 17.*

"A tall dejected man, whose gait forlorn."

The Rev. JOHN WHITMORE was for many years a resident at Helions Bumpstead, a village about a mile and a half distant from Haverhill. He was born at Wiston, in Suffolk, where his father was a miller—admitted of Caius' College, Cambridge, in 1741, and proceeded to the degree of B.A. in 1744. After his unfortunate derangement, he lived secluded in the house of an elderly widow, who took care of him. He usually walked once a week to Haverhill, to have his head and face shaved, always bathing the former with some gin after the operation. He never went into company, was very singular in his opinions and conduct, although perfectly harmless and inoffensive.

He did no duty in the neighbourhood, except occasionally burying a corpse. Being once asked by a neighbouring clergyman to marry a couple for him, he positively declined performing the ceremony, alleging, as his reason, that he did not choose to encumber himself with other people's curses. His time was mostly spent in rambling through the rural scenes which surrounded his cottage retreat, or, when at home, in reading or preaching sermons—no one being present. His understanding had been long impaired, and latterly became deranged; but this derangement appeared to have been augmented by an unfortunate habit of drinking, which increased upon him towards the end of life.

In person, he was tall and comely, wore a large wig, and a very long blue great coat, and generally walked with a large staff, headed by an enormous knot. He was commonly known by the vulgar appellation of the "Draggled-tail Parson." He died December 4th, 1790, and was buried there in a genteel manner, but no monument has been erected to his memory.—See the "Suffolk Garland," p. 303.

THE MARKET TOWN.

NOTE 8. *Page 113, line 21.*

"Here, too, full oft another madman came."

William Pask.

NOTE 9. *Page 118, line 24.*

"The savage ruffian 'scaped the laws of man."

The farmer's name was Killingback, the boy's name, Dilly.

THE END



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